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LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY CONFESSION," "ZILLAH, THE CHILD-MEDIUM," ETC.

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CHAPTER III.

It was long past midnight. The tempest was beginning to abate. Through the dispersing clouds, appeared at last, a wan, affrighted moon, pallid with dimmed beauty. On the coast of Lighthouse Island lay strewn the wreck of the ill-fated vessel, whose passengers that night had met a horrible death. Death on the stormy sea, unseen, unknown, unpitied! There had been hurried prayers for misspent lives, there had been heartrending cries of terror, there had been shrieks, and oaths, there had been despairing appeals to heaven's mercy, but under the billows, blasphemy and prayer were now hushed forever.

On a small peninsula, leaning against the rocks, was the venerable lighthouse-keeper. His gaze was fixed and steadfast over the water. He had done all that lay in his power, and yet not a life had been saved. What could *he* accomplish, he, a poor atom of humanity in opposition to the angered elements? He stood there watching a boat propelled by a single oarsman that was rapidly making headway towards the land. In it was Nicholas Hallowell. As he ran the skiff lightly upon the sand, and put up his oars, the old man approached.

"What news, my son?"

"Hist, father, they are at work. I pulled round as quiet as I could to the cove, and saw one or two of the cursed wretches moving about the beach. I don't doubt some of the bodies have been tossed up there."

The keeper crossed himself reverently. "My God, how long are such things to be?" He uttered nothing more, but in these few words came forth a world of sorrow and bitterness from his old but kindly heart. Long as he had been accustomed to like associations, he was not depraved or hardened from the humanity of our common nature. No more was said, as Nicholas quietly drew up the skiff above water mark, and the two proposed to return to the house. Suddenly the old man drew back.

"Who is that? I thought I saw some one pass."

"Father," said a clear though low voice, "it is I, Ruth. I have been trying to find you this hour. Is Jem with you?"

"No, lass, you know I left him at the house. This is no time for you to be abroad. We are going home now, turn back with us."

"Jem not here? Then he has gone to the wreckers!" Despair was in her tones, utter hopeless despair. "I watched him," she said, "I watched him all the night, and thought him safe in his room till an hour ago. Oh, father, father!"

"Gone! are you sure, Ruth? I cannot think the lad would be so disobedient."

"He is nowhere at the light. I am as certain of it as that I live."

Poor old man! He did not, because he would not, believe. Nicholas was far more demonstrative.

"The rascal!" he cried, "he shall pay for this! Do you go home with Ruth, father. I will find the boy and bring him myself. To think that he should come to this! Turn home, both of you."

"Nicholas," said Ruth firmly, "if you go I accompany you. I have more influence with these people than you. It is a risk you must not encounter alone."

"Ruth is right," put in her father, feebly. This blow had seemed as it were to paralyze his faculties. He was sitting, bent almost double with his deep sorrow, on a fragment of rock, swaying himself back and forth. "My son do not attempt it without your sister. It is too much risk anyway, but—oh, the poor, poor, deluded boy!"

His snow-white hair blew wildly around his bowed head, silvered by the moonlight that fell over all things. The scene was one of uncommon loveliness. The bay, rolling back and forth its breakers, the rocks, the solemn shadows, the shining sand, each combined to make a picture worthy of a true artist's genius. And in the distance loomed up the tall, gaunt lighthouse, crowned at its white summit with a flood of crimson illumination.

Nicholas Hallowell was easily convinced. He knew that these semi-smugglers, semi-wreckers would as soon injure themselves as they would harm a hair of his sister's head, and accompanied by her, he felt that he should, in a measure share this security, although few of these men either loved or respected the eldest son of the keeper of the lighthouse. He may have deserved both love and respect, but, certainly, he had never yet awakened such emotions towards himself among the inhabitants of the island.

Bidding the two God-speed, John Hallowell stood a moment to watch them winding among the rocks towards the distant cove, where Nicholas had observed the wreckers to be at their work of depredation, (and depredation of the dead!) then slowly and feebly turned his feet towards the friendly light. His elasticity of walk was gone, he was now in appearance, as well as in years, an aged man. He had grown old in an hour!

"Ruth," said Nicholas, "what if Jem isn't among them?"

"But he *is*!" was the decisive reply.—"I know it. I have reason to be *sure* of it." And they walked on silently, stealthily towards the proposed destination. The moon occasionally became obscured by clouds, and they had to feel their way among the jagged rocks by slow and insecure degrees. At one moment the path conducted them to the edge of a precipice below which the water dashed with frantic violence, and the next it spanned a black, threatening chasm; but a false step and they were lost! Each knew this path by heart—a thousand times since their childhood had they gone over it in perfect safety, yet at any instant liable to sudden death. In the obscurity it was now doubly dangerous.

RUTH AND THE WRECKERS.

"Let me go first," said Ruth, coolly, "I am lighter of foot than you, and consequently a better pioneer."

"Curse the darkness," was Nicholas' only answer as he clung to a projecting bush, while his sister passed before him on the narrow track. As he spoke, in one bold blaze of light, the moon burst from the clouds, and stood revealed in all the old majesty with which, since the commencement of the world, she has charmed the eyes of universal humanity.

In a glance the brother and sister saw that they stood on a slight elevation just overlooking the cove where were the wreckers. Moving hither and thither, they beheld below the dusky figures of these men, while a restrained, confused murmur of voices rose on the midnight breeze.

"Hist!" said Ruth in an undertone, "do not go any farther. Do you see?"

"Yes; the devils!"

There was silence for a little while, during which both brother and sister meditated on what course it was best to pursue next. Ruth was the first to break it.

"Nicholas?"

"Well?"

"I think you had better stay here while I go down and speak to some of them."

"You? alone! Are you crazy?"

"One of us can accomplish quite as much as two—perhaps more—and at half the risk, which as far as I am concerned will be little. Besides, do you not see—if anything should happen, you are where you can witness all, and can come to the rescue if you perceive the necessity?"

"True, but—"

"In short, Nicholas," interrupted Ruth, "in short, Nicholas, I think your presence will be but an aggravation to the tempers of Will Barnes and his crew. You are not a favorite of his, as you know—a hot word from you might cause some disaster you would never cease to regret. As for me I am a woman—"

"So much the worse."

"I am a woman, and there is, even with these poor, uncouth fellows, a sort of respect for all womanhood. Besides, they love me, personally, and consequently I feel secure with them here, alone, and at midnight. I am going down to them. It *must* be so. Stay where you are until I come back, *with* Jem if I can—*without* him if I cannot. I shall at least learn something of him."

Nicholas yielded, and took up his position on the trunk of a fallen tree, to await her return, as, with a wild, half involuntary gesture of farewell, his sister began to descend the path. He followed her figure with his eyes till a bend in the rocks hid her from sight, then turning to the cove, he concentrated all his attention on the movements of the wreckers; the moon, however, was again partially obscured, and by her fitful rays he could discover nothing of importance.

There was something in the adventure, the novelty, the very sorrow of this night, that awoke Ruth Hallowell to new life. Her eyes kindled with fire, her steps grew prouder and freer as she descended the rocks to encounter, alone, this gang of desperate men, made so by sin, perverted from goodness by glittering temptation and the stings of poverty.

Oh, when we look around the universe and wonder at its Colossal Evil, let us remember also the magnitude of Temptation!

When Ruth arrived at the foot of the prominence on which she had left Nicholas, she paused a moment to contemplate the scene before her—a group of dwarf pine trees completely hiding her person without impeding her view. Stout-hearted as she was, strong of nerve as she had always imagined herself to be, even Ruth Hallowell quailed at the sight she beheld.

Outstretched upon the red, wet sand, lay indeed the stark bodies of the wrecked—human beings, who but a few hours before breathed, despaired, perished. There they were, men, women and children, some already denuded by their captors, lying stiff, cold, motionless, in the white moonlight, some with wide open, senseless eyes, staring into the mid-heavens, some with hands clenched and knotted into horrible attitudes of prayer. Oh, that sight, that sight! It was one to haunt the memory for years, one to start into recollection even on a death bed!

The cove on whose shore the water had thrown these bodies, was a slight indentation in a point of land, in that portion of the bay in which the wreck had taken place. Being the most prominent division of that side of the island, the tide and winds had drifted thither a large number of these terrible waifs, although on other parts of the coast had likewise floated the same fearful tokens of the night's disaster.

The girl shuddered as she looked upon this unholy spot of pillage, for bending over their lifeless victims were the wreckers, plundering them of their very clothing, rudely stripping of their ornaments the hands of delicate women, and coarsely jesting as they cast away the nude, despoiled bodies. Such was the scene on which, like a being from another world, *Ruth Hallowell suddenly appeared.* Unheard, none knew of her approach, until in their very midst these men beheld her pale and horror-stricken face, in which, however, was described nothing that assumed the form of apprehension. Erect, and characteristically fearless of demeanor, as always, Ruth walked calmly to where Will Barnes, the leader of the gang, knelt, rifling the pockets of one of the drowned men. The wreckers gave way before her without a word, parting hither and thither as though she had been the princess she looked, and they but her humble vassals. Will Barnes, only, was unaware of her presence, as in the shadow of an immense boulder, with his back to both her and the moonlight, he pursued his dreadful operations. When, suddenly, the girl's cool, moist hand touched his own, he started up, uttering horrible oaths, and quaking with cowardly fear, at abrupt contact with those damp, unearthly fingers.

"It is I," she said, "give me back my brother!"

It was then, as she spoke, that he recognised her.

"Good Lord! what are you doing here, Miss Ruth?"

"Where is my brother—give me back my brother."

"I know nothing of him," he muttered doggedly.

"Give him to me, I say."

"This is a pretty place for you, isn't it?" he retorted, with some show of returning boldness, "a pretty place, and a pretty scene for a gal like you. Go hum with you, at once."

"Not till I find Jem. I know he is here. I will not stir, unless he accompanies me."

"Stay, then," he said, savagely; "hope you'll like the fun."

Giving the body he had been despoiling a brutal kick, he prepared deliberately to continue his office of plunder. But as he bent anew over the prostrate form before him, he uttered a cry of affright.

"Good God! look here!"

And in horror, Ruth looked. Those dull, leaden eyes were slowly unclosing, and the ghastly face, lying on the sand, was writhing in the moonlight with its returning life! The man still breathed! Guilt makes cowards of us all. Will Barnes sprang from the spot as though an hundred fiends were after him in hot pursuit, while, unnoticed by the rest of the wreckers, who had now quietly resumed the various occupations which her appearance had interrupted, Ruth Hallowell knelt, moved by awe and deep pity, at the side of the half drowned man. The white face was calm and still enough now—but placing her hand over the heart she felt indeed the faint, unequal pulsation of awakening vitality, and by its tremulousness she knew that Life and Death were struggling for ultimate victory.

In one brief moment of reflection, the girl revolved as she knelt there, a dozen different plans for the aid of this dying creature. She well knew that succor of any kind in circumstances such as these, was not the policy of Will Barnes or his associates. It added a living witness to their already suspected misdemeanors. No, such was not their policy. Many of them held in their own breasts, certain little unpleasant remembrances of cases like this, where by exposure, or an indefinite quantity of rough handling they had opportunely silenced forever any symptoms of life. How should she act? To leave the poor wrecked creature even for an instant alone, would be, she felt, his destruction. His breath was in their power, yet so long as she remained there, it was sacred; such was her influence over them. She blessed God for it, as silently she crouched on the sand, chafing those broad, cold temples with her hands. Will Barnes had returned and now stood at her side, looking on surlily. An idea struck the girl.

"Will," she said, "quick, bring me some brandy."

The man hesitated, looked slowly about, as though meditating a suitable reply, and thus answered briefly,

"Haven't got none, Miss Ruth."

"Get me some, then—quick—quick!"

"If Miss Ruth will jist go hum, now," very gruffly, "*I'll see to all this. Miss Ruth don't* know nothing about it—if she'll leave the man be, I can promise he'll do well enough. 'Taint no use botherin'."

A shudder went through the girl's frame. She realized, awfully, the horror of such a death! the horror of such a death as the man *must* inevitably encounter, should she quit the spot.

"I will not leave him," she said passionately. "Do not think it. Will, if you would not have the crime of murder on your soul, lift him up, and carry him to the light."

She rose as she spoke; she rose trembling with indignant feelings, but the color died away upon her cheeks, her lips parted in wonder, her gray eyes dilated at the sight which the change in her position revealed. Directly opposite where she stood was a huge bald reach of rock. Nothing broke its grim outline save here and there some scant unthrifty bushes of that species which retain their verdure all the year.—As Ruth Hallowell gazed, she saw one of these masses of foliage thrust aside by some invisible agency, and in the space thus disclosed she beheld a red, moving torchlight! The thought struck her instantaneously that this was the entrance to the cavern of which, from her childhood, she had heard so many vague, unreal reports as being the resort and store-house of the smugglers. She had scarcely ever given credit to the supposition, because each foot of the Island was, she supposed, too well known to her and her family for anything of the kind to have escaped observation. But sight was now the best of evidence. The testimony of the senses was not to be doubted. As the pendant bushes swung again to their places, she saw that they had been brushed aside by a man, who at the same moment made his appearance from the interior of the rock. Involuntarily the young girl uttered an exclamation at this further proof of the certainty of her discovery, which cry too late she attempted to repress, as she saw that the keen eyes of Will Barnes were upon her instantly. Following the direction of her gaze, he was conscious, at once, of the cause of her amazement; Ruth knew then that she had betrayed herself.

For a moment, Will stood intensely regarding her. There was rage, absolute fury in his bloated face and blood-shot eyes, but there was mingled with them, too, something of irresolution—doubt, whether violently to accuse the girl of having pried into things that concerned her not, or to keep silence and trust to good fortune that she had not, indeed, discovered the great secret of his miserable profession. Ruth Hallowell read, at a glance, the danger of her position; like lightning she realized that but a straw's weight might decide the balance of life or death for herself—a word, a single, exasperating, accusing word, and her fate *might* be sealed. She felt that all past obligation between her and this man were, as far as he was concerned, forgotten. There was too much vital interest at stake on his side, to allow the operation of feelings of gratitude on his coarse nature.—What should she do? Her courageous, uncommon character was not long deciding.

"Will," she said, "you are right; I have seen all!"

"The devil you have! Curse it, why did you come here, why did you come here, you——" he paused, not daring to utter the low, vile adjective he had purposed, for Ruth's eyes were suddenly and magnetically gleaming in his own, while her cold hands extended themselves till they touched his shoulder.

"Will, stop! do not say anything more! I am sorry I saw what was none of my business to see, but still more sorry that there should be any such necessity for secrecy. I give you my word of honor I will never betray you!"

"*A woman's* honor!" sneered the man; "do you think that I, that *any* of us, will trust you to go away and this found out by you? Do you think we can live and know there is only a hair's breadth between us and ruin, eh? Honor! honor!"

He seized her by the shoulder. He shook her violently, like one overpowered by the influences of rage and fear. No human being could have appeared more like a fiend than did he at this moment. Attracted by the noise of the struggle, the remainder of the wreckers gathered quietly around, some of them expostulating while others excitedly enquired the cause of the proceeding, and endeavored to separate Will from his trembling victim.

"She has seen the cave," he said, furiously; "she has come here to spy out our hiding place, curse her!"

Hearing this, Ruth Hallowell, as soon as she could command herself and regain her breath, eyed indignantly the group of reckless men in whose centre stood her wrathful accuser.

"I did not!" she cried hotly. "William Barnes, you know you speak falsehood when you say so. I came here to find my brother—to take him away from you. I was here as no spy. What I have seen, I never dreamed of seeing, nor did I wish to see. Give me my brother, that I may leave you at once."

There seemed to be some species of consultation going on among them. They gathered closer together; occasionally a fragmentary word or two floated towards her on the breeze. Who shall say what was the suspense, the agony of that interval to this young girl? She was one of those who do not dread death; that is, she had no cowardly fear of the mere parting of the soul from the body. The future was to her, as to many, an uncertainty; she had no glorious, colossal Faith on which to lean. She knew that there was a God. She adored Him, thankfully, as the maker of Heaven and earth, but more of religion than this, she possessed not. Therefore it was that Eternity had for her no offering of everlasting safety. Yet, strange contradiction, she did not fear to die!

As she stood, reposing against the rocks, a casual observer would have deemed her calmness to be statue-like indifference as to her fate. But it was not so. She loved life. She was too young to have reached such a point of stoicism. Unhappy as she had often been in her misplaced position in the world, with all her soul she loved life!

The conference ended, one of the wreckers approached her, not insolently, like Will Barnes, but hat in hand, and with a concerned, respectful air.

"Miss Ruth," he began, "we be very sorry, but it can't be helped, and, and——"

"Why don't you speak out like a man, you fool," cried Will Barnes. "The whole of the matter is, that while she's here, we mean to keep her, that's all, and that we won't run no chance of any blabbing. We can shut her up, that's what we can do, and teach her better than to meddle next time."

Ruth Hallowell looked from one to the other, too bewildered to understand the implication of what she heard.

"John," she faintly said, addressing the first speaker, "what do you mean—what is it all about? Where is Jem?"

"Locked up!" volunteered Will Barnes, "locked up for breaking rules, and he'll stay there too!"

"What rules?" fiercely and recklessly said Ruth, no longer striving to restrain her long subdued anger. "Why did you entice him from home, and against your promise, too?—Are you a rascal in all senses of the word?"

The wreckers laughed. There was, to them, something farcical in her earnestness. Besides, Will Barnes had so long played the tyrant over them that it was decidedly refreshing to hear him met so boldly by words like these, words which but few of themselves would have dared to utter.

"Stop your noise!" said Will, savagely.—Instantly the laughter ceased. Then coolly addressing Ruth:

"Things isn't so bad but they can be made wus, Miss Ruth; I'd advise you to keep quiet. The boy is jist where he ought to be. He followed me here without my knowin' it, to please himself, and now he can stay to please me. As for you, for a day or two you will have to content yourself among us."

Ruth shuddered.

"And my father?" she asked wildly, her wrath all dissipated. Will's hard features relaxed slightly as he saw her visible distress.

"We can send some sort of word to him, I suppose, enough to quiet him till you get back."

"Get back! Oh, Will, cannot you trust me? I swear to you solemnly, sacredly, never, *never* to tell what I have seen. Do not break my poor old father's heart."

"It can't be helped," said the man, sullenly; "the truth is, till we get rid of a new cargo of goods we have on storage, we won't run the chance. 'Taint no use sayin' one word. What's got to be has got to be. You may bless your stars it ain't no wus. I tell you what, Ruth Hallowell, if it had been anybody but you, you wouldn't have come off as easy as this, no, not by a long shot!" And he turned away whistling.

Ruth was a brave girl, but she was no heroine. She felt a despair at her heart for which not even the circumstances of her threatened imprisonment could account. Perhaps the continued and most unusual excitement of the night had been more than she could endure. At all events a slow haze seemed creeping over everything around her, against which, heightened as it was by a sudden sense of physical weakness, she had no power to combat. Feebly attempting to catch at the rocks she fell fainting to the ground.

CHAPTER IV.

The peaked roof of the cavern was scarcely to be seen in the sort of universal twilight which pervaded the place, and it seemed to grow more and more lofty the farther the gaze penetrated its wild, rocky length.

At least, so thought Ruth Hallowell, as, raising herself on her elbows, she looked carefully and fearfully around. It was not then all a dream; she had not just awakened from sleep. No! the acute pain in the throbbing head, the sight of those towering walls of stone, hewn by the free hand of Nature, these convinced her of her previous insensibility, and her present imprisonment. It was not actual day—she knew that, and yet the light streaming here and there through the fissures in the rocks had a yellow tint not unlike that of morning sunshine. On watching it intently she saw that it was moonlight, but moonlight that was fast mingling with the red rays of the rising sun. The eventful night was at its close.

This, then, was the cave of which she had heard traditionally all her life; this dark, but not unlovely spot was the rendezvous of all the smugglers by whom so long Lighthouse Island had been rendered notorious. No one knew what crimes might have been committed there—what dread sins that shunned the light of day. She gazed about her with frightened awe. Perhaps, who could tell, those noble archways above had sometime or other echoed with the dying moans of murdered men, whose bones even then were whitening in the more secluded parts of the cavern. Perhaps—but she closed her eyes and buried her face in her hands to shut out the terrible visions her imagination conjured. She was suddenly startled by the sound of a human voice, seemingly very near. It was low and feeble, and resounded throughout the cavern gloomily, waking here and there hollow echoes that added very materially to the poor girl's depression of spirits. She listened breathlessly for a repetition of the noise, but it came no more. She heard only the splashing of the water on the sands without, and the dismal shrieks of the sea-gulls as they flew over or alighted upon the island. Presently the morning broke. The bright, golden sun-rays penetrated casually and faintly even there, and, rising, the young girl attempted to inspect, by the light of day, her new dwelling-place. The floor was of white sand, firm as though the waves had just receded from it. In the crevices of the rocks, that were not above water mark, lay scattered delicate shells of so many varieties of shape and color, that she half forgot her griefs in looking at and admiring them. The stray sunbeams that gave dim illumination to the place, lit up also like so many glittering lamps the crystals pendant from the roof and sides of the cave. A thousand reflected rays sparkled on them wherever the eye turned. Never had Ruth Hallowell imagined anything so lovely. The floor was strewn with pieces of drift wood; she shuddered as she recognized among them the mouldering fragments of ship timber, remains of vessels, which, perhaps the tides had cast up there years and years before.

Look whichever way she would, she could discover no signs of the entrance. She groped her way hither and thither, but unavailingly; no token of it was to be found. She did this, not because she meditated escape, but simply from motives of natural curiosity, which she did not dream of repressing. At length hearing voices and footsteps she sat down to await quietly whatever might transpire. The sounds came nearer and nearer.

"Miss Ruth, Miss Ruth?" she heard some one call, and before she could reply another, and a female voice said,

"Pshaw, how do you 'spect her to answer when you say she is in a swoon? You'll be waitin' for the dead to speak the next thing, Noah."

With a cry of joy Ruth sprang to meet them; she recognized the tones of the man as those of Noah Williams, one of the most humane of the smugglers, while the female's had a strong resemblance to those of a woman who passed for his wife on the island, but who, unfortunately, had rather a remote claim to that title as there were two other women in the adjacent New Jersey villages who professed a prior right to Noah's attractive person. He was a tall, gaunt fellow, whose various limbs always bore the appearance of having lately become unpegged at the joints, and were in consequence in a somewhat precarious state of insecurity. His hair was of a carrotty red, and hung generally in long matted plaits around his cheeks; a wiry, unshorn beard and mous-

tache of the same color completing the picture. Though his figure was spare and ill made, it bore about it the indications of great muscular strength. As a result of this fact Noah was almost universally dreaded. He fought his own battles, and was a king in his own right, notwithstanding there was a sort of tacit acknowledgment among his companions that Will Barnes should have the management of all their concerns.

"Here I am," said Ruth, overjoyed to have her solitude broken upon even by these two rare specimens of the human race.

"Poor crittur," said Noah, compassionately; "I be real sorry for ye, Miss Ruth, but ye see it couldn't be helped, no ways. It's only for a day or two. Here's Spitfire now, is goin' to do all the can for ye, to make ye comfortable, won't ye, Spit?"

"Lor yes," replied the woman, bobbing a most astonishing curtesy to the young girl. "To be sure the men says she can't leave the cave, but for all that we can fix her up right nice. 'Spose you feel pretty hungry, don't you, Miss; as if you wanted a little breakfast, like—eh?"

"Not particularly," said Ruth, "but for the sake of mercy, am I to stay in this dismal place?"

"Why, no, Miss," said Noah, facetiously, "not *exackly* here, you know, and yet *kinder* here too—ha, ha, funny, aint it? Spit, do you show Miss Ruth the way, while I look after this ere man."

He went forward a short distance and stooped down over what Ruth had supposed in the obscure light, was a mound of stone and sand. It was not, however, for, scarcely without an effort, the smuggler lifted the object in his arms, and slung it carelessly over his great, long shoulder.

As he did so, again Ruth heard the feeble, hollow moan which had before so startled her.

"What is it—who is it?" she asked her companion, in a low voice.

"Oh, nothin'," said Spitfire, briskly leading the way into the back of the cavern. "It's nothin' but a man. He *would* come to, you know. Came to, right in spite of 'em. 'Spect the men's awful mad. I heerd one of 'em blowin' about it, and Barnes said out and out it wouldn't have happened if it hadn't been for you. Guess he didn't like to wet him again for fear you'd blab."

"Wet him!" said Ruth, with an involuntary shiver.

"Lor, yes, miss, wet him—put him where he came from—in the water."

Amazed and horrified, Ruth followed her conductor in silence, while a little behind, out of reach of hearing, however, stepped Noah Williams, carrying the shipwrecked man over his shoulder, and coolly whistling "Hail Columbia." The woman's breath was strongly redolent of whiskey. It was only in view of her partial intoxication that Ruth could account for her extraordinary, and, on her own part, imprudent communicativeness. For some time they traversed the cavern without speaking. The farther they proceeded, the more was the young girl astonished at the extent and beauty of this underground freak of nature. Sometimes the roof descended so low they were obliged to creep on their hands and knees to avoid contact with it, and the next moment it sprung up into lofty arches, that gave back sonorous echoes to their very footfalls, while little golden gleams of sunlight occasionally fell over their pathway, which otherwise would have required torchlight to render it passable.

"Spit!" suddenly cried the smuggler, "as sure as you live you're goin' by them two doors. There, there they be to the right.—Look sharp and open the left one of 'em quick, for this 'ere chap is none of the lightest, I can tell you!"

The woman obeyed, and unlocking the door designated, which was made in a rough board partition between two columns of rock, at one side of the cave, she indicated forth her hand for Ruth to enter first. The girl did so unhesitatingly. She was followed by Noah Williams, still bearing his living burden, and Mistress Spitfire herself brought up the rear, banging to the door and locking it with a vigor which Ruth thought rather unnecessary. It was a small, low chamber, seemingly worn by the operation of the water from the very heart of the rock. It was lit by a solitary candle, which burned on a chair, the only article of furniture the room contained.

And in this room, lying on a loose heap of straw, Ruth beheld her brother James, buried in profound slumber. The noise of their entrance did not disturb him. He moved slightly, murmured some few inaudible words, and sank back to a deeper sleep than before.

Ruth Hallowell stood gazing at her false, weak brother long and earnestly. The flickering candle-light by no means ennobled the expression of his sinister face, grown almost idiotic now in its state of perfect repose. His black hair was pushed back from the brow, revealing its organs of shallow faculties, and the consequent mental worthlessness of their possessor. Unkind as he had often been, unworthy of regard as he had shown himself, Ruth felt inexpressible gratitude for this meeting.—Half unconsciously she cast herself on the straw beside him, and clasping her hands fervently together, blessed her Creator's name in humble, thankful prayer.

She was aroused by the rough but not rude touch of Noah Williams's heavy hand on her shoulder.

"If you please, Miss Ruth, to move a bit. I want to put this feller down there on the straw."

Ashamed of her thoughtlessness, the girl sprang out of his way, and not without some little display of tenderness, the man deposited his burden by the side of the sleeping lad, who, fairly awakened now, sat up, and rubbed his eyes, looking sullenly around, but without in the most remote degree deigning to recognise Ruth. She met his gaze sternly and coldly. Neither spoke. Such was the reunion of this brother and sister. Seldom before were there two people thus closely connected, so totally dissimilar in all those respects that make the bond of nature to be doubly loved and honored by each.

"Water—water—whoever you are, for God's sake, give me water!"

The cry came from the pallet of straw. It was like the wail of the dying, distinct and appalling with the earnestness of corporeal misery.

The woman, whom Noah Williams had designated as "Spitfire," brought a pitcher from an adjoining and smaller room, from which she poured some water in a cracked tea cup. Presenting it to the man's lips he drank eagerly, as one parched by intolerable thirst, and then sighing, closed his eyes again. His face was as colorless as a marble statue's. Ruth thought him dying. She had never yet witnessed death, and for the first time, now realized its fearful solemnity. The water, however, seemed to have a revivifying effect. Before long, the sick man fell into a peaceful sleep, from which not even Spitfire's noisy preparations for breakfast, in the next room, awakened him.

The day passed wearily and cheerlessly enough to both brother and sister. But little conversation passed between them. Ruth sought no explanation, and Jem quite as discreetly refrained from proffering any. They had no means of noting the passing of the hours, for the little room was totally impervious to the light, and evening, when it fell, found them unconscious of its coming.

Spitfire made Ruth a rude bed in the next room, where, exhausted by the previous night's trials and sleeplessness, she rested as calmly as a child wearied with innocent recreation—the outer chamber being placed at the disposal of Jem Hallowell and the stranger, for whom, unassisted Nature was gradually doing wonders in the way of restoration.

There was something about this man, that, she knew not why, irresistibly attracted Ruth's attention. When he slept during this first day of their mutual confinement, she sat with folded hands, mute lips, and fascinated eyes, gazing on his white, bruised features—for he had been terribly wounded—so said Spitfire—when the waves threw him in contact with the rough shore of Lighthouse Island. And even as he lay, broad awake, tossing feverishly, on his couch of pain, the girl could not always refrain from bestowing many furtive glances upon him. It was like the charm which a snake exercises over a bird. Ruth Hallowell experienced for this man, no other emotion than that of cordial, utter indifference, which was by no means diminished by his occasional bursts of irritated temper. She was too enthralled by her own immediate sorrows, to feel more than a slight degree of sympathy for his great sufferings. Yet, do what she would, she could not avoid or escape this, on his part, involuntary snare of fascination. There was nothing about his appearance calculated to prepossess; the very curl of his heavy moustache had in it, to Ruth, a disagreeable expression, and the pallor of his blue eyes impressed her as tame and characterless, a peculiarity, which, to one who was all character, all energy herself, was unfailingly displeasing. As the days elapsed, the sick man seldom spoke, and scarcely ever looked at either of his fellow prisoners. To Spitfire alone, on her visits to the cave, was he at all communicative, gruffly asking for restoratives, food of a kind to suit his wants or inclination, and promising in return, rewards, at which, from his present helplessness and poverty, the woman always scoffed contemptuously. He fared none the worse for this, however, because, Spitfire with all her sharp retorts, had somewhere, a soft place in her heart. Often, after a violent altercation with her victim, in which she abused him furiously, and he himself was not slow to retaliate, thus unwisely prolonging the contest, she would suddenly appear on the threshold, to Ruth's great amusement, and tossing to her patient some desirable delicacy, tell him to "Take it, and not make a fool of himself." After which performance she slammed the door invariably, and trotted noisily off, singing this refrain to a ditty very popular at that time,

"Didn't they gobble,
And didn't they stuff,
And weren't they sorry
When *they* had enough!"

Two, three days passed tediously by.

In vain were all Ruth's and Jem's entreaties for freedom. Noah Williams and Spitfire were the only persons who visited the cave, and the sole satisfaction to be obtained from the former was a brief, "I'm sorry, but it can't be helped—no ways," and from the latter a short nod of the head, and a wink from her good-natured eyes.

Ruth began to feel inexpressible anxiety for the inhabitants of the little cabin at the lighthouse. She knew they must be experiencing great mental trial at her own and Jem's non-appearance, and as night after night passed and found them still in the cavern, a steadfast sadness settled upon her mind. On the fourth day of her absence from home, the girl's joy may be imagined, when Spitfire placed in her hands this note:

"Dear Child,

"We know that you are well and safe, and that you will be among us again before very long. Be patient and hopeful. All is straight at home. Tell Jem his father says he is willing to forgive and forget. God bless you both forevermore.

"FATHER LEE."

That night she slept with the note and the book which it accompanied clasped thankfully in her hands. Her dreams as usual were vivid with their reality, but not, as usual, unpeaceful. She was haunted no more by visions of nude bodies being tossed about by angry billows, which, resplendent with yellow, silent, lightning-flashes, beat grandly on rocks uplifting their proud peaks from the bosom of the ocean.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Why is a pretty young woman like corn in time of scarcity? Because she ought to be husbanded.

☞ It is an extraordinary fact, that those who get to high words generally use low language.

☞ "Are you mate of the ship?" asked an emigrant of the cook, who was an Irishman. "No, sir; I'm the man that cooks the *mate*."

☞ Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity.—*Addison.*

☞ HOW TO RUIN YOUR HEALTH.—1st. Stop in bed late; 2. Eat hot suppers; 3rd. Turn day into night, night into day; 4th. Take no exercise; 5th. Always ride, when you can walk; 6th. Never mind about wet feet; 7th. Have half-a-dozen doctors; 8th. Drink all the medicine they send you; 9th. Try every new quack; 10th. If that doesn't kill you, quack yourself.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

The following—WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH ENGRAVINGS—will be published in due season:—

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the POST, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY,

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to our original novelets, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

THE SHAKSPEAREAN QUESTION AGAIN.

Miss Delia Bacon, of whose Shakspearean theory we have before spoken, and whose book on the philosophy of Shakspeare's plays, is soon to be issued from the press in this country, gets, it must be allowed, rather shabby treatment from the lords of the critical press, in advance of the publication of her work. Up to this date, the *New Orleans Picayune* is, so far as we have seen, the only paper that, mentioning her work, has not shown a disposition to give it Jedburgh justice—hanging first, and trial afterward. All the other journals, so far as we know, are either silent in regard to the forthcoming volume, or else echo the senseless scoffs of the English literary snobs, adding various small sneers of their own, at a work of which they know nothing, since it has not yet appeared in this country. Of course we can well imagine by all this reckless and shameless prejudgment of a book which we have good reason to expect will be of great value, and which will certainly be of great interest, how fair and intelligent the judgment will be. But this is after the old, old fashion. The traditional, hide-bound, bigoted, dunder-headed, log-and-stork spirit of criticism which derided the philosophy of the illustrious Bacon, and covered that measureless mine of wisdom and learning with all the rubbish of ridicule and obloquy for at least fifty years, simply because Aristotle had written, and the stupid world believed, is still on the throne, ready to dispense the same fate to this learned and eloquent scholar—this American woman who comes with the result of a life of conscientious and devoted inquiry on her lips, telling us of a larger and sweeter meaning and merit in our favorite drama than we had dreamed lay hidden there, and asking only for a calm and candid hearing. Singular, that the verdict of the judges cannot wait for the presentation of the case, but must with raw haste deliver itself at the mere announcement on the docket!

Would that these eager gentlemen might agree to turn down their supercilious noses, uncurl their scornful lips, and humiliate themselves so far as to take a look into Bacon's *Novum Organon*—particularly into those portions which refer to the "idols" of the mind, and which direct the seeker after truth to carefully rid his intellect of all prejudices and preconceived notions, as a necessary preliminary to the search for the True. They might so far benefit by the instruction, as to learn that a respectful consideration of Miss Bacon's treatise, is the only method by which they can justly determine its value, to say nothing of the decisive hint they would be likely to obtain with reference to the fairness of condemning her work before giving it a perusal. If there is any one thing that ought to be the peculiar and everlasting disgrace of an American, it should be his petrifaction into an immutable and irrevocable decision on any subject. The glory of the American man—and above all, of the American scholar—ought to be in the measure of his capacity to consider nothing finally settled, and to cordially and fearlessly welcome and encourage the spirit of inquiry, knowing that truth is stronger and falsehood weaker, for every honest doubt, and that the search for truth is the priceless dignity and unbought grace of life. What is William Shakspeare to us that we should hail down sneers and scoffs on the person who sincerely doubts his hand in the works that bear his name, and is ready with the reasons? What! must we fail in our duty to decency, and justice, and the primary idea of American letters, as of American life—respect to the honest intellectual conviction, and a fair and courteous hearing even for the wildest vagary of opinion—because we believe William Shakspeare wrote the works on which his name appears? No, no. This may do for Great Britain, but it is false and foreign to the genius of the ideal America.

The latest jet of contempt spued, in advance, on Miss Bacon's theory relative to Shakspeare, has come from the *Tribune*. In the course of an article on the lack of reverence shown by the English Government to literature and literary men,—an article, as we think, in some respects, very just and well-founded—occurs the following:—

"England, in regard to her national or political respect for letters and literary men, as such, is the incarnation of snobbery. Take her two most illustrious poets—Shakspeare and Burns—representatives of widely diverse epochs—and how do we find them treated? Of Shakspeare, personally and biographically, we know next to nothing. All that the industry, enthusiasm and wealth of antiquarian societies have been able to evoke respecting him, amounts to just this nothing. We do not know, except by one of his sonnets that he felt the pangs of social degradation; but that he was socially degraded, can be affirmed by scientific induction. That his genius, the most wonderful which ever radiated, did not secure him the right to sit at the same table, as an equal, with the veriest hanger-on of the Court, is just as much matter of history, by induction, as if we had the concurrent testimony of his co-laborers in literature, superadded to his own, under his hand and seal. * * * * * The law which made Shakspeare a vagabond, because he was connected with a play-house, is hardly reformed. We know nothing of Shakspeare because literature was despised in England—rank, rank being 'the thing.' Had Shakspeare been a noble, we should have had his biography; had he been a successful filibuster, he would have been 'exalted to the peerage.' But he dealt with the eternities, and of course the temporalities, royalty and nobility, appreciated him not. He is a myth so much that Miss Delia Bacon has produced one—two—solid volumes to prove that Shakspeare was as Joseph Miller, who never made a joke nor had an idea, though all the jocular ideas of his time were attributed to him posthumously, and that Bacon, Raleigh, and other high priests of reason living at a time when a free divine utterance was a capital offence, wrote as an exoteric utterance of an esoteric faith, plays—'the plays of Shakspeare,' so called—to preach the Gospel. How extensively and elaborately dead, pulverized, triturated must be the personalism of the great man, the poet of poets, when such a theory could be even ventured upon as that he was a mere link-boy, call-boy, property-man, loafer, literary clothes-horse."

We need hardly say here again, that we are not the advocates of Miss Bacon's theory, not having yet read her book, and not being able to express any opinion regarding its soundness till we have read it. But we must say here that it is not to be shoved aside by any such reasoning as this. The primary assertion that the peculiarity of the English polity condemned Shakspeare, in common with all low-born literary men of his time, to an obscurity so profound that any absurd theory relative to him and "his belongings," has become safe and plausible, is utterly untrue in fact, and implies great unacquaintance with the character and conditions of English literary life during the Elizabethan, or any other, period. It never should be forgotten that although the contemporary tyranny suspected, feared, circumscribed and degraded the literary men of that epoch, there were plenty of people of every order and degree who knew how to value them, and whose love and interest kept their memories green. If we know "next to nothing" in regard to Shakspeare, it is far, far more probable that it is because there is next to nothing to know, than because he was the son of a peasant, or that literature and literary men in his time were buried in obscurity. It is not because Shakspeare was not a noble, that we have no biography of him. For we have biography enough of Ben Jonson, who was the son of an itinerant preacher of humble birth, and whose mother took a bricklayer for her second husband. And we have biography enough of Greene, Marlowe, Fletcher, Ford, Massinger, Dekker, Marston, Chapman, Lylly, Webster, Heywood, Burton, Spenser, and other contemporaries of his, none of whom were nobles, and nearly all of whom were of low social condition. If his personalism is "extensively and elaborately dead, pulverized and triturated" by the circumstances of his birth, social position and profession, why is not the personalism of all these contemporaries of his, whose condition in the social scale was similar to his own, also "dead, pulverized and triturated?" Why do we know so much regarding these persons, and so little regarding Shakspeare, if the effects of the English polity were disastrous to the memories of all? And how is it that we know only as much, if we know as much, about him, as we do of the "shirking life" of his fellow-players, Nashe and Peele? English literary men of low birth socially degraded and ignored! Why, even Alleyn, the actor of that day, could rise so high in the scale of social rank, as to marry the daughter of the Dean of St. Paul's, Doctor Donne, and to have nobles and prelates as his guests at God's Gift College! Under that tyranny of Elizabeth and James—at once its offspring and its enemy—there was the sturdiest and broadest moral democracy; the "gentle whispers and the breath of better times" that Bacon speaks of, were already in the air—the spirit of the freer hour was already working in the life of the epoch, preparing to burst forth in the solemn glories of Cromwell and the Commonwealth. Whatever the Government was, the society was in the process of a silent revolution, and a moral feeling pervaded it, that caused men to be virtually valued not for what they held, but for what they were. The Sir Walter Raleigh who could after the death of Elizabeth, propose to his fellows to take public affairs into their own hands, and form a Commonwealth, was not the man—albeit he was a "hanger on of the Court"—to refuse Shakspeare a place at his table as an equal, if Shakspeare was the man we have supposed him to be. And that there was frank and familiar intercourse between the literati and the nobility of that time, is recalled to our minds whenever we think of the Mermaid Club, and Selden, Camden, Bacon, Raleigh, Shakspeare, Southampton, Sidney, Spenser—all those nobles and scholars, commingled in gay and free communion.

If Miss Bacon's theory is to be confuted only on such premises as the *Tribune's* article assumes and implies, its chances at success are good, for those premises are not founded on the facts of history, biography or induction.

ANTIQUE AND MODERN BRUISERS

The tournament is now, thank Heaven!—one of the vile, dead things of the Past. It took a good deal of preaching and execration to put down this brutal and bloody foppery. The church of that day often hurled its anathemas, and issued its decrees against these medieval prize-fights, and good and humane men of all grades and conditions, from the kings who forbade them to be held in their dominions on account of their fatal consequences, to the private scholars, ecclesiastics, and men "of low degree," who hated them for their degrading influence and inhumanity, wrought against them in various ways, for centuries, before they were finally abolished. Stubbornly they maintained their ground, however, and it was till Ducange could roll up a long list of princes and nobles who lost their lives by these malignant games, nor till many and many a wounded knight had dragged himself home from the lists to moan and toss through a long, miserable sickness, and then die painfully, or else survive to wear out a maimed and debilitated life, that they were done away with. Now they are gone, and though a deluding mist of beauty and glory has been hung around their memory by some romancers and historians who ought to have known better, yet this is slowly dissolving, and will soon leave their relics all ugly and ghastly in the remembrance of the world. The number of weak and thoughtless people who, in this age of common sense, still think it must have been a fine thing to see men dressed in lustrous mail and splendid trappings, plunging into each other on horseback full tilt, with blunt spears, and hurling each other violently to the earth, or afterwards stabbing and hacking each other with daggers and axes—just for sport—is rapidly diminishing. Even the most ardent lovers of romance are beginning to find out that Sir Walter Scott's beautiful *Ivanhoe* is a beautiful lie—false at once to humanity and history—and that the glorious colors which he has thrown upon the pageant of the tournament, are colors thrown upon a pageant of hell. And the grave statements of such a historian as Mills find no better fate. For the philosophy of Bacon has been working slowly, more and more, in the thoughts of thinking men, emancipating the nations from the instincts of barbarism to the "reason" of civilization, and we cannot now read the pages of such a scholar as Mills, without feeling that though he has learning and eloquence, yet he lacks the humane spirit and purpose that can alone make learning and eloquence acceptable, and that (to use another's phrase) in the place where his heart ought to be, there is a hole.

But evil has all the shapes of Proteus, and Christendom having finally suppressed the bloody prize-fighting of the middle ages, seems now to have another task before her in the suppression of the prize-fighting of these latter days. If Goeffry de Priuli, the feudal brute who first invented tournaments, had been promptly taken in hand at the outset, the popes and kings, and the ecclesiastics and humane persons of Europe, who afterwards strove so hard to get rid of the curse he inflicted upon society, might have been saved their labor, and society its losses. So, if Mr. Thomas Crib and Messrs. Jackson and Molineaux, and other sporting characters of George the Third's time, who first found out that a manly and highly desirable addition might be made to the circle of the exact sciences, by instructing brawny bullies with enormous flexor and extensor muscles, to pound each other by a savage method with their fists, and who first instituted rings for this purpose in Tottenham-court and other places in England—if these chivalrous gentleman had been promptly attended to then, by the humanity and civilization of Britain, Britain might have been spared nearly a century of public bruising between the Nobby Ones and Game Chickens, the Tipton Slashers, and Fighting Fancies, the Caunts and Bendigoes, to say nothing of the promiscuous fighting of the coal-heavers and costermongers, constantly carried on everywhere, and the thorough brutalization of the lower classes of English society, effected very much in this way. But people rarely learn to rightly regard the day of small things. We neglect to abolish an evil while it is yet local and friendless, and presently it has become firmly established and strongly supported, and is beyond our power. It is Dr. Johnson's fable realized—we allow a dwarf to put a silken thread around our limbs, and presently the thread is changed into an iron chain, and the dwarf is a giant.

Probably, before our paper reaches our readers, the fleet telegraph will have told them that about four thousand people calling themselves Christians, lately assembled on the Canada side, to witness the disgusting spectacle of two other Christian people (for we suppose they too would object to be called pagans,) beating each other horribly in cool blood, with fists previously chemically calloused to the hardness of iron. One man beat the other blind, and in a fight of two hours, bruised and bloodied and blackened him in the most frightful manner, to the great delight of the assembled spectators, and to the great delectation of thousands of people who bought papers everywhere, and gorged their depraved appetites with the disgusting details. All this occurs in America. It is the beginning of yet another old European evil, transplanted to our shores, and already flourishing. Prize-fighting is becoming popularized here, and the surest signs of its success are seen in the facts that newspapers, hitherto esteemed respectable, are now publishing all the details of the various bruising matches, and that those reports are read with pleased avidity, and without protest, by a large class of the community.

The decent newspapers say severe things about this unutterably dreadful brutality. But what is to be done about it? It is the general business of our law-makers to express the highest truths of humanity and civilization in palpable and effectual statutory law. It is their special business in this relation to mould a law sufficiently comprehensive to cover all future transgressions of this kind, and sufficiently stringent to make its violation exceedingly undesirable. We hope they will attend to it. If this sort of thing is not effectually stopped now, it will become so entrenched by continuance, and the support of the depraved taste which it engenders and spreads through the circle of the public, that it will be too formidable and firmly established to be reached by law.

Our disposition in this matter is not at all Pharisaical. We make no outcry against these prize-fighters as conscious rascals and sinners above all men. Probably they have their own notions about their brutal trade—are accustomed to think of it with esthetic and professional pride—regard it altogether as one of the finest of the Fine Arts—and are never at all troubled in conscience about it. But we who have better light than these ignorant persons, and who see clearly the inherent wrongfulness, and the debasing and depraving effect of these gladiatorial combats, are bound on our consciences to do our best to end them, now and forever, if we can.

THE CITY DANGER.

What we are coming to if the character of our great cities is not essentially changed, is a matter for the most serious consideration. De Tocqueville, the French analyst of our government and society, who has been much berated and abused, though with very little reason, said many years ago, in his work on America, that he considered the size of our large cities and the nature of their population, as a real danger which threatened the stability of the Republic. He even went so far as to predict that the Republic would perish unless the government created an armed force which while sufficiently small to remain under the control of the majority of the nation, would be large enough to repress the excesses of the population of the towns. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the general justice of the French philosopher's apprehensions, than the riotous and turbulent condition of several of our cities this summer. New York in particular seems to be the focus of the metropolitan lawlessness. Every day the ruffians gain ground, and in that city they are now so formidable as to influence and partially control the government. What they may do in future, is a consideration which must give every good citizen cause for the deepest anxiety. Our United States troops are continually engaged in watching the western Indians, but here in our midst we have tribes of savages which, in sober truth, need watching as much as any savages that ever ran wild on the prairies. It is really not a flourish of words to speak of these people as savages. They are literally heathen in spirit, and savage in habit. In appearance they are truculent and brutal; in costume strange and bizarre; in manners violent, coarse, and rude. Their homes and habits are dirty, their mouths are full of tobacco, and their stomachs of adulterated brandy and unwholesome food. Their speech is slang and oaths, and is almost unintelligible to persons accustomed to hear only simple English. They are lewd, intemperate, gluttonous, thievish, murderous,—the prey of the low appetites, the vile propensities, and the bad passions. To a person who looks at things and not names, they are as truly savages as they had red skins, wore moccasins and broech cloths, and were a thousand miles away on th prairies. That nothing should be wanting to complete their resemblance to the genuin barbarian, they are organized into tribes with such names as "Dead Rabbits," "Fort Thieves," "Killers," "Skinners," "Plu Uglies," etc. And under these names the war upon each other, and upon society.

Can anything be done for these poor people? It is no more their fault that they ar degraded, lawless and wicked, than it is th fault of the heathen whom we send missionaries to elevate and redeem. If not for Christia love and charity, then for our own perso and social benefit, measures ought to be vised and carried into effect, to lift these pe ple to a purer, more peaceful, and scier condition of life. They are a cloud of dange on our horizon. Shame be unto us if in this teenth century of Christian wisdom and kno ledge, we have no better means of protecting selves against them, than the coarse and r force of bayonets and gunpowder! Protect against evils which are the legitimate result a low mental and moral condition, is only eff tually secured by the adoption and applicati of those practical educational measures whic elevate the moral and mental condition. Gu powder makes short work of a few "P Uglies," but there are others left, and the worl is never done. But the education which transform Plug-Uglies into good citizens, th does clean work, and its effects last fore What that education is, and how it can be bes applied, is one of the problems which the cor servators and guardians of society ought solve.

THACKERAY'S DEFEAT.

The great satirist of society, Thacker who recently stood to represent Oxfor city in Parliament, has been defeated; opponent, Cardwell, having received 1,08 votes, Thackeray 1,018. The *Tribune* poin out Thackeray's defeat as a proof of th low estimation in which literary men are held in England. But in the first place Thacke only lost by 77 votes, and the vote he recei shows the measure of the public regard Oxford had for him; and in the second place Parliament this year numbers a great many literary men. So that, although the *Tribune* general statement so far as it refers to low opinion the Barnacles and the Stilt-stalkings have for the literati, is true enough, it cannot be proved in this way; nor can it be shown that the English people regard th men of letters as the Circumlocution peo regard them. The fact is Young England Old England are grappling for mastery, and have their gains and losses in the progress the combat. The sense and thought of Brit are with the men of letters and the apostles the new ideas; the prejudices, traditions, precedents are with the aristocracy. Both and lose, but the final victory is sure to be w the thinking men, for big brains must rule world now, and not big bones.

Thackeray's defeat has brought out the lowing epigram, which has a spice of seriou truth in it:

"A *Card-well* played has won the game,
And *Thackeray*, the trump, has lost,
The gods were eager to avert the shame
Of Kings from thrones to wooden benches tos

☞ "Donald," said a Scotch dame, lo up from the catechism to her son, "wha slander?" "A slander, gude mither?" young Donald, twisting the corner of his p "aweel, I hardly ken, unless it be, mayba ower true tale which one gude woman tu anither."

New Publications.

CHILE CON CARNE, OR THE CAMP AND THE FIELD, by DR. S. COMPTON SMITH, (Miller & Curtis, New York; for sale by W. P. Hazard & Brother, Philada.,) is the voice of experience telling the incidents and anecdotes of the campaign in Mexico under General Taylor. "Chile Con Carne" means literally, red pepper and meat, which may serve to symbolize the piquant and appetizing style in which our author's solid information is served up to the public. The book is very clever and amusing. It is a succession of graphic sketches of life, character, climate, manners, customs, scenery, personal adventure and army operations, in Mexico. The writer was Acting Surgeon to Taylor's division during the war, and his book is, undoubtedly, one of the few works that contrive to be entertaining without violating veracity.

LECTURES ON TEMPERANCE, by ELIPHALET NOTT, D. D., L. L. D., (Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York; for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.,) is perhaps the most ingenious, learned, impartial, discriminating, comprehensive, and powerfully-reasoned work ever contributed to the Temperance literature of this country. It is as remarkable for its scholastic research and vigorous analysis, as it is for the vigor of its attack upon what one of the strongest and subtlest of all reformers—Shakspeare—has called "the inordinate cup" whose "ingredient is a devil"—and for the cogency and earnestness of its appeal to "the immortal part" of us.

MEMOIRS OF THE LOVES OF THE POETS, by MRS. JAMESON, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.) which comes forth in the blue and gold now so popular, is, as many people know, a series of graceful and luminous biographical sketches of women, celebrated in antique and modern European poetry, from the "ladye loves" of the troubadours to Rogers's Lucy and the widow of Burns. It is a dainty book, and good for summer reading.

MORMONISM, ITS LEADERS AND DESIGNS, by JOHN HYDE, Jr., (W. P. Fetridge, New York, for sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia,) is the title of the latest exposure of the Mormon phenomenon, made by an ex-elder of the Church, and formerly a resident of the Salt Lake City. Of its claims to public credence, we are unable to speak definitely. It is written plainly and forcibly.

THE BLACK DWARF AND A LEGEND OF MONTROSE (Ticknor & Fields, Boston; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) are the latest issued volumes of this beautiful edition of the Waverley novels, of which we have before spoken.

THREE GENERATIONS.

Scarcliff, on the north-eastern coast of England, is one of the very few beautiful spots so situated, which have not been metamorphosed into fashionable watering-places.

Our population consists almost entirely of fishermen, of whom more than one possesses a considerable property acquired in other ways than oyster-dredging or lobster-catching, in the good old times of Saucy Susans and smuggling runs. Scarcliff, we boast, owned in those times at least one as tidy lugger as ever gave the go-by to her Majesty's revenue-cutters; and there was scarcely a cottage where the purest French brandy could not be procured under the unconscious title of skim milk (from the duty being taken off, I suppose), or a farm-house where a casual reference to cabbage crops, failed to produce the choicest of Havana cigars. The gains of the free-trader must, indeed, have been enormous, to admit of such universal bribery; and the popularity of his profession was great in proportion. What if the horses of the yeoman next the sea were hailed out in the dead midnight to carry a cargo twenty miles across the moorland, thence to be conveyed still further beyond the reach of suspicion? A keg or two left in their manger atoned for the dirt and weariness of the cattle. What if a coast-guardsman or so, more officious in their duties than need be, got occasionally spilt over the cliffs in the darkness, and by mistake? Some few victims must be sacrificed to every system, even to that of the contraband trade; whose theory was that of the Jeremy Bentham, and had in view the greatest happiness of the greatest possible number.

It was thus that old Jacob Ashfield—who flourished at Scarcliff at the commencement of this present century—got so respected. I did not know him personally until long after his palmy time; and, still hale and vigorous old fellow as he was and is, he was changed enough from him who had the strongest arm and steadiest eye of any betwixt the Humber and the Wash. He lived by the streamlet's side that runs along the eastern gully down to the village. The place was suited to the owner; a huge fall and lasher leapt and eddied before the cottage door with thunder enough to deafen an ear unaccustomed to the turmoil; and there were indeed many things done and said by old Jacob and his visitors, which would not have sounded well to listeners, even if they had understood their meaning; for, as the law has an infinite amount of vain repetition and foolish jargon, in order to confuse clients and keep a lucrative business in professional hands, so had these evaders of the law a dictionary of their own, and were indebted for much of their language neither to Johnson, nor to Webster, nor (slang as their expressions often were) to Walker himself. More than once, on dark and wintry nights, the officers of excise have cooled their heels for hours on the little wooden bridge that spanned the torrent, so difficult did they find it to make known their presence to the proprietor; while he and his family were breaking up a barrel or two which might have given them offence, and letting many a gallon of white ale mix with the foaming flood, to make trout and grilse and salmon exceedingly drunk and astonished, between Watersleap and Scarcliff Bay.

Jack Ashfield, a boy of about twenty years of age, and his sister Kitty—the prettiest woman, say the old people, ever seen in these parts, by far—assisted their father well and and willingly; often and often, through the dark October nights, did Jack sit upon the slippery heather of the great sloping heights of Sleamouth Cove, showing the light of his lantern to the sea, and shading it from the land, to guide the lugger's course; and whenever charming Kitty's petticoats seemed a trifle more stiffly quilted than usual, when she rode into the market-town with her basket, it was generally attributed to the presence of cigars. Although thus notorious from their youth up, as opposing themselves to his Majesty's excise laws, they were in all other respects perfectly honest and well-conducted, and redeemed, by their good-nature and pleasant looks, the rough behavior and buccaneering appearance of old Jacob. His life had been a chequered one, and not, in any of its patterns, favorable to the development of gentleness or respectability; he had been a pressed man under Nelson, and had fought against the grain and against the French for years, but behaving gallantly enough at all times, and especially at Trafalgar. He had an enormous belief and gloried exceedingly in his great commander. When he heard that Cronstadt was not to be attacked in the late war, he got very excited, and blasphemed—as was his custom on most occasions—uninterruptedly for a week or two. He never knew, poor old fellow, when he was guilty of his frightful expressions, but used them in the old man-of-war style, interjectionally, and for emphasis.

"If old Nelly (Nelson,) had been alive, he'd not have waited for orders from home, nor nothing, but he'd have gone in leading the line, and the fleet 'ud have followed, mark ye, although they had to sail over his sunken ships. Why, when Villaineuve heard that the command had been given to Old Nelly, he calls his admirals, captains, lieutenants, and what not, on to his quarter deck, and says he, 'We are all dead men!'"

And then, amidst a dropping fire of imprecations, old Jacob would point out upon the sand with his staff the way in which the enemy's line was broken in the great battle wherein Old Nelly got killed by the Parlezvous—a curse and a blessing, each of the intensest character, were wont here to be given almost simultaneously, like water thrown upon fire, and, "There, too, it was that I got this and this," (exhibiting the most frightful fissures,) "but neither of them as give them, mark ye, ever went home to boast on it."

Tired of the monotonous life of a man-of-war, he had joined one of the junior lieutenants of his ship—a sprig of nobility, exhibiting a singular parallel in his disposition to the wayward Ashfield himself—in deserting from her in company with many others, and manning a privateer of their own, in which they cruised for months in the Mediterranean, and obtained several prizes. The sprig was lopped off the Navy List for this, however; and his fellow-truants, though otherwise pardoned, were deprived of their long service pensions. When the war was over, Jacob got a part share in the Scarcliff lugger Saucy Susan, and made many successful runs. The profits were so large that two lucky trips were calculated to counterbalance the loss of cargo, vessel and all upon its third venture. Old Ashfield once showed my father (who, although minister of the parish, did not consider it worth while to send twenty miles and more for indifferent brandy to make his winter punch with, when he could get it far better at one-fifth of the price at Watersleap,) at least two thousand guineas in gold, which he kept in an old portmanteau, and took a handfull from when it was needed. He was not by any means miserly or over-prudent, but had unsettled views upon our monetary system, and would have considered it an act of madness to trust money to a banker, or let it out at interest. It was, however, light come light go, with men of his trade, and, cheap as his liquor was to him, his profuse drinking, perhaps—if other things had not impoverished him—would have kept and left him poor. Of what that drinking consisted we of the present day at Scarcliff have happily no experience; but, to judge by old Ashfield's present consumption, it must have been something tremendous. Through the tyranny of the customs, he has been of late years reduced to gin and beer mostly, of which he imbibes in a week sufficient to float himself in.

"Why, I mind," says he, "when none of us was considered a man who could not take his half pint stoup of white ale (pale brandy) at a draught, and among us of the Saucy Susan there was a forfeit for who did not take his pint before breakfast, regular, and without a drop of water. Why, Mark Hilson and I and Robert Gore—Hilson died in the union (an expletive in connection with the poor-law system occurred here) at eighty-one, and Robert is alive now to tell you if I don't speak truth. We three were drunk for an entire week, without ever eating so much as a crust of bread.—When we were too far gone, we lay down on a hurdle of wet straw, and when that revived us something, to it we set again. Brandy!—Why, there wasn't a cottage in Scarcliff without its little cellar in the garden or under the hearth-stone, nor a pail, nor a jug, nor a tub, about the place but had held the skim-milk of the Saucy Susan."

Jacob himself was never caught by the custom house people, although they knew him so well, except once.

"It was between two and three in the morning, and I was driving a cargo of a dozen kegs up Scarcliff hill to the moorland, with six horses in a team, two kegs upon each horse, when I heard the coasters coming arter me. I drove as hard as I could, but they were mounted, too, and before I had got a mile away over the moor, they was upon me. 'Ah, ah!' says they, 'so we've caught you at last, Jacob? How early you go to work in the morning!' And very jolly they were about the capture, you may be sure; sixty gallons of white ale and six horses was a pretty good prize among three of them. Now, they had got no regular warrant with them, which it was necessary to have before they could lawfully seize, and they took me into Barton to get it. The parson, who was the magistrate there, happened, as I very well knew, to be out for a day or two, and we had to bide at the inn till he came home. 'And, though you are our prisoner, Jacob, we won't treat you ill,' said the men, very good-natured through their good-luck; 'and we'll all make merry till the warrant comes, for it is at the king's own expense.' Which, indeed, we did, and a pretty state excisemen and prisoner and all were in for the thirty-six hours before the parson came home. Well, the head coaster at last gets the warrant, and, 'Now,' says he, 'tis lawful for us to taste the prize.' So they opened one of the kegs, and passed the cup from one to t'other; but neither of them took very kindly to it, for indeed it was nothing, bless their simple souls, but innocent sea-water, and while I was cutting away and being caught upon the moor, a very pretty run the Saucy Susan made of it into Sleamouth Cove, the coasters being otherwise engaged."

It was about the year 1821, that a young gentleman from Oxford University, of the name of Hindon, came down to our little village. He had been expelled from college for excesses which, even at that time, and although he came of a great family, were considered too grave to be overlooked. The Hindons of the Wold had reigned in their own place for centuries, and, though sufficiently lawless, none of that stock had ever grown up so wild as Drunken Dick. Some very fast men—not many—are decent and respectable fellows at bottom, and when they have run their muck and done their quantum of mischief pull up short and become gentlemen in manners and looks, at least to the end of their days. But Dick was not of that sort; he only left off cock-fighting because it ceased out of the country altogether and left him; he indulged in and was patron of every conceivable blackguardism that remained.—Wine, indeed, he was not addicted to, considering it at best but poor stuff, only fit for clergymen; but he drank brandy to an extent which astonished even old Jacob himself. He had contracted heavy debts at college, and was condemned to a somewhat short allowance of three hundred a-year, so that the cheapness of the white ale had combined, perhaps, with the desire of getting out of sight of all his relatives in attracting him to our simple village.—Depraved almost utterly, and coarse-minded beyond the coarsest, as Dick was, he was, however, in many respects less contemptible than the university scamp of to-day. He was, at least, open and unartificial; his vices were those of a healthy though brutish animalism, and never sank into cold, passionless debauchery. His irreligion was manifest enough, indeed; but it did not show itself in sneers or yawns. Selfish he was, but by no means callous to the wants and misery of others, and at all events he never made a jest of them. Bloated in the face, shaky in the hands, fishy about the eyes, as the youth had already become, he did not make a boast of his infirmities, or think it fine to be used up. I have known something of the sublime drawlers and all admirari exquisites of now-a-days, and, upon the whole, I very much prefer poor Drunken Dick; he was not altogether adapted for friendship, but he was good natured and social. He sang over his forums of hot punch, with which he refreshed himself at the conclusion of every verse, like a bird singing at a streamlet's side; he gave away his money with both hands at once; he swore as hard as ever our armies did in Flanders; and, with such gifts as these, it was no wonder that he was hailed good fellow at once by the crew of the Saucy Susan.

He had lodgings at the little inn, but all his days and half his nights were spent at Watersleap, drinking the skim-milk from the half-pint stoups, with the best of them, and acquiring the free-trader's language with a facility much greater than that he had ever exhibited for Latin and Greek. Congenial as he found old Jacob and his companions to be, there was, however, at the smuggler's cottage metal more attractive in the person of Kitty Ashfield. In spite of her connections and pursuits, she was a simple, innocent girl, and presented to Richard Hindon a charming contrast to all others whom he had ever been acquainted with; the influence, slight as it was, which she exerted over him, for good, showed how much might have been done for the dissolute, ruined youth, if he had had earlier the advantage of a woman's love and society. His mother had died while he was an infant, and he had no sister; his father and elder brother were proud and apathetic to the last degree, moved only at times to wrath, by his various escapades and disgraces, and comforted themselves—as they did not scruple to tell him—that, while they lived and their successors, he should never have one acre of the great Hindon estates to squander in drink and at the gaming-table.—With these unpromising prospects for the future, he had therefore never become the mark of intriguing mammas, or the cynosure of fashionable virgins with an eye to settlements. For the last twenty years of a life that had only reached to twenty-two, poor Dick had never known the society of a woman at once beautiful, honest, and disinterested; and Kitty Ashfield was all three. When she rode the galloping gray into Barton, with the basket on her arm and the cigars in the quilting of her petticoat, it seemed as though she was born to be an amazon, so well she sat, so perfectly she looked at ease, with her long raven curls blown back and streaming on the moorland breezes, and her delicate cheeks a-glow. When she sculled herself in her father's boat round Sleamouth Point, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for those graceful arms to be rowing; whatever she did, indeed, appeared to be the occupation peculiarly fitted to show forth her personal graces, and those were, of course, almost the only ones of which Dick Hindon was a judge. She could not read with any great facility, but that art—if, indeed, he thoroughly possessed it—was a dead letter to him, as he never looked at a book. She did not spell well when she wrote; not above one word in three, perhaps, could be relied upon, but that moderate advantage was as good as—if not better—than Dick's; and in his eyes Kitty Ashfield was perfect.

Did Richard Hindon, Esquire, late gentleman commoner of Merton College, Oxford, and second son of Sir Marmaduke Hindon of the Wolds, then really contemplate making old Jacob's contraband daughter his wife? Why, no; we have a sneaking kindness towards Dick, down here at Scarcliff, but I can't say that he did; it was not through pride, nor on account of so great advantage being on his side, without any to counterbalance them on hers—which, at least, is the opinion of society, when an aristocratic blackguard has the exceeding good fortune to wed a poor but honest country girl—but that he did not like the notion of being a married man at all. Like the fop who would have been a soldier if it had not been for the villainous saltpetre, poor Dick, like many others, would have wedded with pleasure if it were not for the wedding-ring. While all the men in Scarcliff were pitying poor Kitty, and all the women saying it served her right, she got to like handsome Dick Hindon and his attentions better and better every day. He began to leave off drinking, and confined himself to little more than a quart of white ale per diem; he stayed his more objectionable songs in mid-verse whenever she entered her father's banqueting-room, or changed them into ditties more suited to maiden's ears, and it was altogether wonderful how comparatively virtuous he got, in order to effect his vicious object.

My father, however, both as minister of the parish, and because he had a fondness for the simple girl, came over to Watersleap, and had a long talk with Jacob upon the subject. When he had stated his fears to the old smuggler, and expressed his sorrow at seeing him encourage the young man as he did, Jacob Ashfield answered by pointing to a ship's cutlass that hung over the mantlepiece, and adding these words: "Young Master Hindon is not a very wise man, sir, and not a very scrupulous one; but he knows right well that if he or any man dared to offer love to my daughter Kitty that was not honorable, I'd cut him asunder with that old sword of mine as clean as ever I did a Frenchman;" which threat, in consideration of the parson's presence, he considerately garnished with not more than six of his most stupendous expletives. Dick, who was as brave as a lion, was indeed aware of his danger, and had no desire to incur the old man's vengeance; and it was half with the intention of performing his promise upon oath of becoming her husband that he ran away with Kitty one summer evening, both upon the galloping gray. They had three hours clear start of Jacob; to whom my father lent his horse to pursue them on, after having extracted from him a solemn vow that there should be no murder committed. He tracked them with great sagacity along the moor, and to a neighboring town, from which they had taken a post chaise to Horncastle, and thither he followed them. Kitty had left a slip of paper behind her for her father's eyes:—"Richard is going to marry me at Gretna;" and with that in his hand, and the redoubtable cutlass hanging by his side, he strode into the inn parlor where the two runaways were, Kitty drowned in tears, and Dick trying to comfort her in vain with (Excise) brandy and water. "Well," said Jacob, "young people, since you have chosen to give me this wild goose chase instead of being married quietly at Scarcliff, which you might have done any day, you must entertain your father instead of his entertaining you; only since York and not Horncastle lies on your way to Gretna, I shall now take the liberty of never letting you out of my sight until you have gone to church together." The old man never used fewer imprecations, but he never looked more determined than upon that occasion, and Richard Hindon did not hesitate or quibble a moment, but was married the very next morning.

That was the best that was ever known of Dick, and almost the last. He never came back again to Watersleap; and Kitty, delicate, sickly, sadly altered, only came home to die.

She was a widow, and had a son of fourteen years old—the only one—by that time. Many changes, too, had taken place at Scarcliff during her absence. I was the clergyman who attended her bedside in my father's place; her brother Jack was also dead, and his young wife dead, leaving a daughter, Mary, more beautiful, as I think, even than her aunt; but old Jacob Ashfield was hale and hearty still, and gave her and young Harry Hindon, a warm welcome at the cottage. It was no wonder; nobody who had known her in her youth could have seen her pinched with want, weary with care, without a tender pity, and Jacob had been a loving father all along; that portmanteau full of guineas had almost all been spent in assisting her and her husband in their long and wretched struggle against poverty, in a foreign land (for debt had made it necessary), and among utter strangers. From the marriage-day of poor Scapegrace Dick, not a shilling's worth of help had he received from his proud, unyielding parent, not a doe among all the deer herds in the Wolds had ever been fatted against that prodigal's return. Vice had been often winked at, crime (provided it were of the aristocratic sort) would have met with extenuation enough; but not even the glimmer of pardon was held out to the unblushing Hindon who had dared to contract legal marriage with the daughter of a private seaman—an A. B.—a man before the mast—a hand! This blot on the scutcheon, this polluter of Norman blood, was erased by his own act from the pedigree leaf of the family Bible, and from the clause which left him—in spite of all other disgraces—ten thousand pounds in Sir Marmaduke's will; and it is due to his dead son to say, wicked as he was, and wild as he was, that he never visited these things upon the innocent cause of them—his wife. A bad father and a bad husband he was, yet a kind one; better, perhaps, in both relations than the old baronet with all his outward seeming had been before him; and, indeed, as long as he could get his allowance of brandy, he felt his deprivations but very little. She, like a true woman, accused herself of all his misfortunes, and suffered from them most upon his account.

Their son Harry, naturally enough, grew up with a great liking for his unseen relatives at Scarcliff, and with a proportionate prejudice against his progenitors in the Wolds. He was a beautiful boy, as might have been expected from such parents, and could read and write with great facility—which might not have been expected; his slightly foreign pronunciation atoned for his somewhat indifferent English, and, mongrel as he was, his independent air and bluff natural manner contrasted well with the unquestionably high-born Hindon of Hindon locks. He was a favorite of mine, of all of us, from the very first, and the especial darling of his grandfather; the old man soon taught him to whip Scarcliff stream, and throw a line well clear of its overhanging oak branches, as well as he could himself. Harry and I have had many and many a fishing bout together. He had the run of my little library, and used it pretty freely, so that we had subjects enough for conversation in that direction, but I liked his original talk best. His opinions were singularly generous and liberal, and I was wont to rally him upon that point, saying that if ever he became Sir Harry, he would alter his political views. He was now but one remove from the Hindon lands, his grandfather being already dead; but his uncle, as much in spite towards the young man, it was said, as for love towards his intended bride, was about to marry. It is fair to say, however, that immediately upon his succession to the title he had offered to adopt the boy, upon condition that he left his mother, and promised to cease all connection with Scarcliff; a small pension was also to be settled upon poor dying Kitty. Harry was left to take his own choice upon the matter, and answered by tearing his uncle's gracious letter into fragments, throwing his arms around his mother's neck, and covering her with kisses.

There was another tie that bound him to Watersleap. Never did I see so beautiful a pair as they, nor one so well fitted for each other in mind and character. Mary had been brought up very differently from the generation that preceded her; *she* had never gone to market with her father, with her petticoat stiff with contraband articles; the smuggling trade, in consequence of wiser legislation, was almost extinct at Scarcliff. Brandy had long become dear and scarce, and she had not been accustomed to see drunkenness on every side of her, and at her own home. Old Jacob, indeed, was so thoroughly seasoned to strong liquor, that he could scarcely have got intoxicated by any quantity and most of his contemporaries were in the grave; his man-of-war expressions still remained, but they were understood as such—a foam and fury very reprehensible, but signifying nothing—by the new race rising up around him. She had been tolerably educated under my mother's care at the Parsonage House, and the beautiful girl had a disposition harmonising with her looks, as the scent is appropriate to the flower. Harry and she were not plighted, for they were both very young; and poor Kitty's death, which occurred about this time, put the matter still farther off; but it was understood that they would be married one day. His love for her was of a far other sort than that with which Richard Hindon had wooed his mother twenty years before; he was continually vexing himself with thoughts of what he should turn to in order to make a living sufficient for her and himself. A home they already had at Watersleap, which the old man would not hear of the two orphans quitting, but they had no money. The best fisherman in Scarcliff had little to fear from actual want, but it was for her comforts that he was troubled; not by any dislike or doubt of supporting her by his labors. Bread, eggs, poultry and meat, with us have to travel a distance of twenty miles before they can reach a regular market, and are therefore cheaper in our village than any Londoner with a large family ever dreamed of in his wildest dreams. It has always been surprising to me that such out-of-the-way nooks and corners of old England as this of ours are not sought out by people of very small fixed incomes, in preference to filthy lodgings in obscure streets, where nothing, even with the help of a scanty salary in a lawyer's or merchant's office obtained by the hardest drudgery, can possibly be saved at the year's end. Harry Hindon, with nothing a-year, was more to be envied, it seems to me, than any quilldriver with an income of a hundred pounds. It may be, however, that I am wrong, and that this life of ease and liberty which we all live at Scarcliff, has spoilt for real civilized work even the parson himself. Still, as I said, Harry, for his love's sake, was looking somewhat higher, and had even decided upon taking by the year a little farm (which his grandfather could still assist him to do), when a circumstance occurred which scattered all his plans, and set the whole population in a fever of excitement and wonder.

A small, wizen-faced lawyer, very much unaccustomed to horse exercise, came riding over the moorland from far away, to the cottage by the stream; he was in deep black, and much dejection, but his countenance puckered up into a smile at the sight of the young Hindon:

"Allow me," said he, "to congratulate you, Sir Harry, upon your succession to the family title and estates! To sympathize with you (he dropped his voice,) upon the demise of your late uncle, Sir Marmaduke; it is a providential circumstance, so exceedingly thick necked and short in the breath as he was, that he had an insuperable objection to signing any testamentary document whatsoever; the hall and the whole property in the Wolds, four thousand pounds a-year in land (the little man seemed to be eating turtle fat, so slowly and unctuously he dwelt upon this part of his address), thirty thousand pounds in the Funds, and the patronage of two excellent livings (one just vacant), are yours; your attendance is immediately required to prevent any sort of opposition; and," concluded the little man after a pause, "to be present at the obsequies of the late lamented baronet."

He was certainly in a great hurry, for he refused even to take a chair while he refreshed himself, and mounting a descendant of the old galloping gray, with a distressing reluctance, rode off with young Sir Harry, that very afternoon. He left the inmates of the cottage animated by very different feelings; the old man was wild with joy, delighting in his titled grandson, and expressing his exultation in envelopes of explosive epithets, like the bon-bons of a supper-party; the girl was tearful and unhappy, missing him who had been absent from her, not even for a day, for years; and, perhaps, doubtful of her lover's faith amidst the unknown temptations of his new position. I thought it not right to check any mistrust that she might entertain. I had indeed the highest opinion of my friend Harry; but the difference between the smuggler's grandson looking out for a dairy farm, and the heir of thousands per annum, was too great to permit me to be sure even of him; how many promises of both wise and good men have melted before a sun of prosperity, far less powerful than his! I felt, therefore, not astounded, but deeply grieved by the commencement of the young baronet's letter, written not many weeks ago, and immediately after his arrival at Hindon Hall.

"DEAR AND REVEREND SIR,—I arrived at my place here with Mr. Tapewell yesterday morning; it is a very grand one indeed; there are two great drawing rooms and a library en suite, where I suppose I must give my ball to the county, so soon as a decent time has elapsed after the obsequies of the late Sir Marmaduke. He was buried yesterday in our family vault, and many of the nobility and gentry round expressed their respect for his memory by sending their carriages, with coachmen and footmen complete, to follow the hearse. I begin to feel myself quite at home, and my people all recognise my likeness to that long line of ancestors which adorns the great corridor. I have had my hands full enough of important business, as you may imagine, but I hope I have not forgotten my good friends at Scarcliff; and I want your assistance here, my dear sir, in suggesting what would be the most appropriate present by which I could mark my sense of their kindness. I am thinking of sending half a-hogshead of the best French brandy to the old gentleman at Watersleap—what think you?"

If it were not for my burning indignation, I could have shed tears in reading these heartless words of this spoilt child of fortune, which he applied to his grandfather and patron, to whom he owed all.

"As for the young lady, my dear sir, I am afraid I almost committed myself in that quarter; but really a flirtation, however strong, is more excusable at Scarcliff—pour passer le temps—than anywhere else; the Hindon blood, however, cannot quite stand another mesalliance, I think."

This finished the page, and I had scarcely patience, so vehement was my scorn, to turn the leaf and read the following:

"And now, my dear and kind friend, I believe I have paid you for the cruel prophecies you used to make concerning me, whenever I should become Sir Harry. I wonder, however, I could have imagined such noxious sentiments as I have expressed (I flatter myself) to your extreme disgust, overleaf. I long to be back again at the dear village; or rather, I wish that the whole of its inhabitants would come and live at the hall; I am sure it is quite big enough, and looks at present comfortless, unfriendly, ghost-haunted, and cold. Certainly I shall transport hither many of your best friends, to be your parishioners anew at Hindon; for you must not refuse that little gift from hands that have received so very much from you. I write, by this day's post, to Watersleap, two letters, and, I hope, send welcome tidings. I really do want your advice upon what good—what greatest benefit—I can possibly do at Scarcliff, to man, woman, and child there, all of whom I know so well; they deserve far more than I can give them, indeed. I have looked in the most malignant depths of my heart for testimonies against them, but can find no record anywhere save of kind words and neighborly deeds. And now, to speak of that which engrosses almost my every thought, do, dear friend, persuade my beloved Mary to fix a day for our marriage, in your old gray church, upon Scarcliff Hill, not very far from this on which I write. If I have a pleasure beyond the mere selfish one of showing myself in some sort grateful to my many friends, in this good fortune of mine, it is that which I anticipate in having her to share it. If I care in the least for this position of mine, it is because I know how she, who has been poor herself, and understands the poor, will grace it. You, however, must be our Mentor, as before, and, beyond all things, remind me sharply of the young fisherman's opinions whenever I affect the Sir Harry overmuch. To prevent any further mixture with baseness, and to keep this magnificent line of mine quite pure and in the family—entirely that is, you see, from genealogical reason—I hope within the month to marry my first cousin, Mary Ashfield."

THE HEATHEN NONPLUSSED.

I shall never forget the rage of the customs' people at Beyrout, when one immensely heavy deal-case, the property of a learned German naturalist, fell into their clutches, and was forced open, despite the frantic explanations, promises, threats, and gesticulations of the travelled savant. The more fuss the doctor made, the more the officials were convinced that they were about to have a splendid haul of smuggled silks and other costly goods. A large mob had collected round the place, and the suspense and curiosity were intense. Presently the lid yielded, and the first thing that met their astonished gaze was a lot of saw-dust, with a camel's skull carefully packed in the centre. This, however, was supposed to be a mere blind; empty baskets were produced, and the naturalist, to his great discomfort, saw the packing, which had cost him so much care and labor, shovelled up and thrown into old baskets, with little respect to the fragile contents. No sooner had the skull been removed than they came upon a small stuffed alligator, then a few specimens of fish, some petrified olives and other matters, and lastly, they disinterred a whole row of large well-stoppered glass bottles. This, then, must be the treasure—must contain costly pearls or scammony, or some taxable drug. The head of the custom-house, who had been personally attracted to the spot by the rumor reaching him of the apprehension of a noted smuggler, now took upon himself the duty of investigation, as much from intense curiosity as from a suspicion of his not over-honest confreres, who might slip anything very costly unperceived into their capacious sleeves. The first bottle he hauled out he held up to the light, and very nearly dropped with a combination of emotions difficult to conceive—it contained a large snake in the act of swallowing a frog, carefully preserved in spirits. The next bottle contained a scorpion; the third, some lizards; the fourth, centipedes; the fifth, bats; and so on, until every bottle had been displaced. Then there arose a shout of laughter, mingled with exclamations of unfeigned surprise. The custom-house officers were completely nonplussed; the nazir himself, a very superstitious man, terribly alarmed. He set down the doctor immediately as some evil-disposed person who could wither up the health-springs of one's blood at a single glance. Calling away his people, he hurried off to his office, murmuring verses of the Koran; and not a soul among the natives would lend a hand in helping the doctor to repack his much-valued collection. What a human being could want with such abominable things was an unsolvable enigma to the whole town and neighborhood.

☞ What kind of a face should an auctioneer have? A face that is for-bidding.

☞ Labor and prudence relieve us from three great evils—vice, want and indolence.

☞ A lawyer asked a Dutchman in court what ear-marks a pig had that was in dispute. "Vel, he has no ear-marks, except a very short tail."

HOW TO MAKE YOUR CHILDREN UNHEALTHY.

In laying a foundation of ill health, it is a great point to be able to begin at the beginning. You have the future man at excellent advantage when he is between your fingers as a baby. One of Hoffman's heroines, a clever housewife, discarded and abhorred her lover from the moment of his cutting a yeast dumpling. There are some little enormities of that kind which really cannot be forgiven, and one such is to miss the opportunity of physicing a baby. Now I will tell you how to treat the young paleface at his first entrance into life.

A little while before the birth of any child, have a little something ready in a spoon; and, after birth, be ready at the first opportunity to thrust this down his throat. Let his first gift from his fellow-creatures be a dose of physic—honey and calomel, or something of that kind; but you had better ask the nurse for a prescription. Have ready also, before birth, an abundant stock of pins, which is a great point in putting the first dress upon the little naked body, to contrive that it shall contain as many pins as possible. The prick of a sly pin is excellent for making children cry; and since it may lead nurses, mothers, now and then even doctors, to administer physic for the cure of imaginary gripings in the bowels, it may be twice blessed. Sanitary enthusiasts are apt to say that strings, not pins, are the right fastenings for infants' clothes. Be not misled. Is not the pincushion an ancient institution?—What is to say "Welcome, little stranger," if pins cease to do so? Resist this innovation. It is the small end of the wedge. The next thing that a child would do, if let alone, would be to sleep. I would not suffer that. The poor thing must want feeding; therefore waken it and make it eat a sop, for that will be a pleasant joke at the expense of nature. It will be like wakening a gentleman after midnight to put into his mouth some pickled herring; only the baby cannot thank you for your kindness as the gentleman might do.

This is a golden rule concerning babies; to procure sickly growth, let the child always suckle. Attempt no regularity in nursing. It is true that if an infant be fed at the breast every four hours, it will fall into the habit of desiring food only so often, and will sleep very tranquilly during the interval. This will save trouble, but it is a device for rearing healthy children; we discard it. Our infants shall be nursed in no new-fangled way. As for the child's crying, quiet costs eighteen pence a bottle, so that argument is very soon disposed of.

Never be without a flask of Godfrey's Cordial, or Duffy, in the nursery; but the fact is, that you ought to keep a medicine chest. A good deal of curious information may be obtained by watching the effects of various medicines upon your children.

Never be guided by the child's teeth in weaning it. Wean it before the first teeth are cut, not after they have learned to bite. Wean all at once, with bitter aloes, or some similar device; and change the diet suddenly. It is a foolish thing to ask a medical attendant how to regulate the food of children; he is sure to be overrun with bookish prejudices; but nurses are practical women, who understand thoroughly matters of this kind.

Do not use a cot for infants, or presume beyond the time-honored institution of the cradle. Active rocking sends a child to sleep by causing giddiness. Giddiness is a disturbance of the blood's usual way of circulation; obviously, therefore, it is a thing to aim at in our nurseries. For elder children, swinging is an excellent amusement, if they become giddy on the swing.

In your nursery, a maid and two or three children may conveniently be quartered for the night, by all means carefully secured from draughts. Never omit to use at night a chimney board. The nursery window ought not to be much opened; and the door should be kept always shut, in order that the clamor of the children may not annoy others in your house.

When the children walk out for an airing, of course they are to be little ladies and gentlemen. They are not to scamper to and fro; a little gentle amble with a hoop ought to be their severest exercise. In sending them to walk abroad, it is a good thing to let their legs be bare. The gentleman papa, probably, would find bare legs rather cold walking in the streets; but the gentleman son, of course, has quite another constitution. Besides, how can a boy, not predisposed that way, hope to grow up consumptive, if some pains are not taken with him in his childhood?

It is said that of old time children in the Balearic Islands were not allowed to eat their dinner until, by adroitness in the shooting of stones out of a sling, they had dislodged it from a rafter in the house. Children in other places should be better treated. Let them not only have their meals unfailingly, but let them be at all other times tempted and bribed to eat. Cakes and sweatmeats of alluring shape and color, fruits and palatable messes, should, without any regularity, be added to the diet of a child. The stomach, we know, requires three or four hours to digest a meal, expects a moderate routine of tasks, and between each task looks for a little period of rest. Now, as we hope to create a weak digestion, what is more obvious than that we must use artifice to circumvent the stomach? In one hour we must come upon it unexpectedly with a dose of fruit and sugar; then, if the regular dinner have been taken, astonish the digestion, while at work upon it, with the appearance of an extra lump of cake, and presently some gooseberries. In this way we soon triumph over nature, who, to speak the truth, does not permit to us an easy victory, and does try to accommodate her working to our whims. We triumph, and obtain our reward in children pale and polite, children with appetites already formed, that will become our good allies against their health in after life.

Principiis obsta. Let us subdue mere Nature at her first start, and make her civilized in her beginnings. Let us wipe the rose tint out of the child's cheek, in good hope that the man will not be able to recover it. White, yellow, and purple—let us make them to be his future tri-color.—*Harriet Martineau.*

☞ The henpecked husband would be happy enough if he were only let alone. But he generally has some kind friend who is perpetually urging him "not to stand it."

A LOOK INTO THE HAREM.

Our picture is not founded upon the traditional conception of the interior of a Turkish lady's apartment, but is a veritable view—sketched on the spot from the reality, and minutely correct in every particular. Our readers will find amusement and perhaps "food for thought" in contrasting these sensuous attitudes and picturesque costumes, and this lulled and reposing interior, with the busy scenes and figures of a Saxon home. The difference between the East and the West, will be seen to be striking.

"THE OLD, OLD STORY."

Summer moonbeams softly playing,
Light the woods of Castle Keep;
And there I see a maiden straying,
Where the darkest shadows creep.
She is listening—meekly, purely,
To the wooer at her side;
'Tis the "old, old story," surely,
Running on like time and tide.
Maiden fair, oh! have a care;
Vows are many—truth is rare.

He is courtly, she is simple;
Lordly doublet speaks his lot;
She is wearing hood and wimple—
His the castle, her's the cot.
Sweeter far she deems his whisper
Than the night bird's dulcet thrill;
She is smiling, he beguiling—
'Tis the "old, old story" still.
Maiden fair, oh! have a care;
Vows are many—truth is rare.

The autumn sun is quickly going
Behind the woods of Castle Keep;
The air is chill, the night wind blowing,
And there I see a maiden weep.
Her cheeks are white—her brow is aching—
The "old, old story," sad and brief;
Of heart betrayed, and left, nigh breaking,
In mute despair and lonely grief.
Maiden fair, oh! have a care;
Vows are many—truth is rare.

FELLAHEEN APOLOGUE.—It happened once that a Sultan captured a majestic lion, which it pleased him to keep for his royal pleasure. An officer was appointed especially to have in charge the well being of the beast, for whose sustenance the command of his highness allotted the daily allowance of six pounds of meat. It instantly occurred to the keeper that no one would be a bit the wiser were he to feed his dumb ward with four pounds, and dispose of the remaining two for his own benefit. And this he did until the lion gradually lost his sleekness and vigor, so as to attract the attention of his royal master. "There must be something wrong," said he; "I shall appoint a superior officer, to make sure that the former faithfully does his duty." No sooner was the plan adopted, than the first goes to his new overseer, and convincing him very readily that if the proceeds of two pounds be conveyed to their pockets, the meat will be far better employed than in feeding the lion, they agree to keep their own counsel, and share the profit between them. But the thirst of the new comer soon becomes pleasantly excited by the sweets of peculation. He talks the matter over with his subordinate, and they have no difficulty in discovering that the lion might very well be reduced to three pounds a day. Drooping and emaciated, the poor beast pines in his cage, and the Sultan is more perplexed than before. A third official shall be ordered, he declares, to inspect the other two—and so it was. But they only wait for his first visit to demonstrate to him the folly of throwing away the whole of six pounds of meat upon the lion, when with so little trouble they could retain three, being one apiece for themselves. In turn, his appetite is quickened, and he sees no reason why four pounds should not be abstracted from his ward's allowance. The brute, he tells his colleagues, can do very well on two, and if not, he can speak to nobody in complaint, so why need we lose the gain? And thus the lion, reduced to starvation point, languishes on, robbed and preyed upon by the overseers set to care for him, whose multiplication have but added to his miseries.

A CURIOUS WAY TO GET RESTED.—It is a custom in Berwickshire, England, among women-workers in the field, when their backs become much tired by bowing low down while singling turnips with short shanked hoes, to lie down upon their faces to the ground, allowing others to step across the lower part of their backs on the lumbar region, with one foot, several times, until the pain of fatigue is removed. Burton, in his *First Footsteps in East Africa*, narrates a very similar custom in females who lead the camels, on feeling fatigued, and who "lie at full length, prone, stand upon each other's backs, trampling and kneading with their toes, and rise like giants refreshed." This custom is called "jogsi" in Africa; in our country it is "straightning the back."—*Notes and Queries.*

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Many of the dresses now in course of preparation are intended for the country. One just completed is of pearl gray silk, having flounces edged with stripes in blue and rose-color. This dress, which is intended for negligé dinner or evening costume in the country, has a high corsage ornamented with a berthe, bordered, like the flounces, with blue and rose-color stripes. The sleeves are formed, at the upper part, of two small puffs, from which descends a wide, loose fall, drooping very low at the outside of the arm; they are figured at the edge with blue and rose-color. A collar and under-sleeves of lace complete the dress; and bouquets of geranium blossom, intermingled with foliage, have been selected to ornament the hair.

A dress adapted for the same occasion as the one just described, and also destined for the country, consists of pale slate color silk, figured with small horizontal stripes, or lines, in pink. This dress is made with two skirts. The under skirt is trimmed at a short distance from the edge with a narrow ruche of pink ribbon, disposed horizontally; two ruches of the same ribbon pass up each side longitudinally. The upper skirt is open at the sides, and is edged round with two ruches of pink ribbon, similar to those on the under skirt. The corsage, which is high, and ornamented with a berthe trimmed with ruches, is closed in front with bows of pink ribbon. The sleeves are wide and loose; they are slit up their whole length at the front part of the arm, and edged round with a ruche. The under-sleeves are of worked muslin, formed of three puffs, and finished at the wrist by a small frill. Collar of worked muslin. Small bouquets of roses will be worn in the hair.

A dress of plain white muslin has been made in the following manner: It has two skirts; the under one is trimmed with two deep flounces, each surmounted by a bouillonne, through which a ribbon is passed, and edged with a fluted frill. The upper skirt consists of a small tunic open in front, and edged with a fluted frill surmounted with a bouillonne. Two corsages have been made for this dress; the one high and the other low. Both are ornamented with a fichu. The sleeves are trimmed with frills of muslin.

Basquines of black lace have, this summer, been adopted with silk dresses. Many of the basquines worn by young ladies, instead of being composed of lace, consist of black, spotted, or embroidered tulle, trimmed with a row of velvet about an inch wide. Basquines of black silk are frequently made without trimming.

The new fan-parasol, or parasol converted into a fan, is now made in greater variety than heretofore. Some of the fan-parasols which have most recently appeared are very ornamental, and others are quite plain. They are embroidered with beads, trimmed with frills of Honiton, or muslin or Mechlin lace, or they are composed simply of chequered silk, trimmed with frills and a bow of ribbon.

Bonnets of colored and fancy straw continue to enjoy a considerable share of favor. According to the style in which they are trimmed, bonnets composed of fancy straw may be worn either in a superior or a negligé style of out-door dress; but for negligé, those of colored straw are the most fashionable.—*London Lady's Paper, July 11th.*

SIMILARITY OF SOUND.—There is a singular similarity of sound between a prose sentence in the Bible and the closing lines of each of the stanzas of Campbell's celebrated Battle of the Baltic. We give the close of one of the stanzas:

By each gun a lighted brand,
In a stern determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on

Somewhere in one of the books of Kings is this passage: "An hundred thousand rams, and an hundred thousand lambs with their wool."

A NEW POET.

"The Disbanded Volunteer," a correspondent of the N. Y. Sunday Times, has been to Niagara, and has been requested to write some poetry on the chief places of interest there on the St. Lawrence. He complies and sends the following:

TO THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARY RIVER.

Anormous structur! What, Ide like to know,
Did the constructurs stand as bilt this rode
Rite throo the air? Say, gentle mews,
Wot bed they to hold on to? But, alas!
The mews ses nothin. Oh! Jerusalum,
Wot boyed em up? Imadjinashin, fiored,
Kant get the hang of it!
I hev it now!
They did it in balloons!!

ON LAKE ONTARY.

Green are thy waters, green as bottle glass,
Behold em stretched thar;
Fine Muskolonges and Oswego bass
Is chiefely ketched thar.
Wunst the red Injuns thar luck thar delights,
Fisht, fit and bled;
Now most of the inhabitants is whites,
With nary red.

POETICAL REFLECKSHINS ON PASSING THROO THE THOUSAND ILES.

Oh, what a fary sene! It peers to me
As ef the streme, as fur as eye ken see,
Hed with a shower of ilands reddy made
Ben librally pepperd. I me afraid
They're troubled with muskeeters, otherwise
Thar would I like to lofe; also black-flies
Is orful plenty, when the weather's hot,
And makes you sware, witch I hed rayther not,
Stingin a feller blinder than a bat,
And his hed swellin bigger'n a tin hat!
Well, setch is life; thar's allus sum darned thing
To take the stiffenin outer Fancy's wing,
And that witch seems romantical afar
Proves, when you're near it, rayther below par!

ON THE LASHEEN RAPIDS.

Rushin on with oncommon force,
Faster by chorks than a quarter horse;
Steppin at more'n a racer's speed,
Throo the worst-looking channil I ever seed,
Atween rocks whar it seemed that we must be pinned,
Down we dasht in the Jenny Lind.
What a gloryus pictur it is, no doubt,
But it's arter you're throo that you find it out;
For as we sheered throo the hissen fome,
I'd hev given a V to hev ben in home.

A CLEAR EXPLANATION.—O'Connell was wont to tell a story of the mode in which a country friar had, in 1813, announced a meeting on the Veto:

"Now, *ma boughali*," said the friar, "you haven't got gumption, and should therefore be guided by them that have. This meeting is all about the veto, d'ye see. And now, as none of ye know what the veto is, I'll just make it all as clear as a whistle to yez. The veto, you see, is a Latin word, *ma boughali*, and non of yez understands Latin. But *I* will let you know all the ins and outs of it, boys, if you'll only just listen to me now. The veto is a thing that——You see, boys, the veto is a thing that——that the meeting on Monday is to be held about." (Here there were cheers and cries of "hear! hear!") "The veto is a thing that——in short, boys, it's a thing that has puzzled wiser people than any of yez! In short, boys, as none of yez are able to comprehend the veto, I needn't take up more of your time about it now; but I'll give you this piece of advice, boys: just go to the meeting, and listen to Counsellor O'Connell, and just do whatever he bids yez, boys!"

A BAD CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—"The poet, Campbell," says Dr. Beattie, "went to Paisley races, got prodigiously interested in the first race, and betted on the success of one horse to the amount of fifty pounds with Professor Wilson. At the end of the race he thought he had lost the bet, and said to Wilson, 'I owe you fifty pounds; but really, when I reflect that you are a professor of moral philosophy, and that betting is a sort of gambling only fit for blackleg, I cannot bring my conscience to pay the bet.'"

"Oh," said Wilson, "I very much approve your principles, and mean to act upon them. In point of fact, Yellow Cap, on whom you betted, has won the race; and but for conscience, I ought to pay you the fifty pounds; but you will excuse me."

OUT OF THE BOTTLE.

BY W. O. STODDARD.

You all remember the old eastern story,
How on a time an Arab fisher hoary,
Casting his dull nets 'neath a sheltered lee,
Drew up a bottle sealed, and strange to see.

Thinking it but an ordinary bottle,
He straightway went to work and drew the stopple,
And was astounded, when the seal he broke,
To see a spirit rushing up like smoke.

The luckless man, that sort of thing much fearing,
And furthermore some woeful threatenings hearing,
Seduced him back to his old place, and then,
Quick as he might, he corked him up again.

Much like this Arab are the men who, casting
Their feeble arts upon the everlasting
Waters of life, bring up, instead of fish,
Some strange, odd thing, shut in some uncouth dish.

Not having seen the like before, but, thinking
It may be something good for food or drinking,
They take the cover off, so strangely wrought,
And, innocent themselves, set free a *thought*.

In vain they gaze around, amazed and frightened,
At the huge shape whose fetters they have lightened;
For here does likeness to the Arab cease;
The thought as thankless is for his release.

But he will not re-enter the old bottle,
Nor come again beneath their leaden stopple;
They cannot cast him back into the sea—
Free is the thought, though fools have set him free.

FATHER BERNARDO ON COLD WATER.—About the middle of the seventeenth century there lived *Father Bernardo*, a disciple of *Sorèda*, and a Sicilian Capuchin monk. By the aid of ice and cold water he performed, in the island of Malta, what were termed miraculous cures. His patients were sometimes made to drink to the amount of twelve to sixteen quarts a day; cold clysters were also used copiously, cold fomentations, and the body was rubbed over with ice. He attended more to the quantity than the kind of the application, and aimed chiefly to produce crisis by the skin, kidneys, and bowels. Father Bernardo kept his patients almost without food, from one to two months, and pursued his treatment as well in winter as in summer. He gained the credit of curing the *Grand Prior Ferretti*, aged 92, when he was supposed to be at the very point of death, by giving him largely of iced water to drink. It is stated that he was remarkably successful in his treatment, and that none of his patients perished either from starvation or otherwise. Thus by means of ice, cold water, and fasting, this man performed a great number of most wonderful cures, and that often in cases where physicians themselves had failed; and in consequence of the simplicity of the remedy and the success of his practice, he received the name—and one of no great dignity—of *Water-Doctor.*

A GAMBLING DODGE.—A Parisian medical man was sent for the other day to see a patient who was in bed. Having prescribed, he promised to call on the following evening. He did so, and in the sick man's room found several other persons sitting at a table playing cards, as they said, to amuse their invalid friend. The table was covered with gold. "I am much better this evening, doctor," said the pretended sick man, and after some few other remarks, added, "You have a lucky countenance, doctor; I wish you would play a few games for me." "With all my heart," replied the doctor, and on the patient giving him ten Napoleons, he seated himself at table, and in a short time won one hundred Napoleons, which he handed over to his patient, saying that he had several times thought of proposing to go halves with him. "Nothing would have given me greater pleasure," replied the other; "but what is deferred is not lost—do me the pleasure to come at the same hour to-morrow evening, and you shall meet the same party." The doctor did so, and for two or three successive nights, and after being allowed at first to win, was ultimately a loser of 25,000f. On the fourth night he returned, hoping to retrieve his losses, when he found the bird flown, the apartment having only been taken for a week.

THEODORE HOOK'S WIT.—Hook's favorite exhibition, at supper-parties and other festive gatherings, was to sing an extempore song, in which he contrived to bring in the name of every person present. I was at one of these parties in Westminster, when Mr. Rosenagen, of the Foreign Office, was one of the company, and his name was no sooner announced than there was a general buzz throughout the room that this would prove a poser for our improvizing friend. It chanced, however, that in the course of the evening Mr. Rosenagen was missing, and it was supposed he had gone home. The rest of the party were quite disappointed that Hook should thus escape from his dilemma, and some insinuated that he had been telling Rosenagen some astounding yarn to curdle his German blood and frighten him from the premises. But, no such thing. In the middle of the song in walked Mr. Rosenagen, and quietly took his seat, whereupon Hook, without a moment's embarrassment, proceeded in these words:

"I was really afraid we had lost our good friend Rosenagen,
But here he comes, I see, in the nick of time to poke
his *nose in again.*"

—*Correspondent Athenæum.*

THE PASSION FLOWER.—The following interpretation of this justly-celebrated and much-admired flower will not be found uninteresting. The leaves resemble the spear that pierced our Saviour's side; the tendrils—the cords that bound His hands, or the whips that scourged Him; the ten petals—the apostles, Judas having betrayed, and Peter deserted; the pillars in the centre—the cross or tree; the stamina—the hammer; the style; the nails; the inner circle around the centre pillar—the crown of thorns; the radiance—the glory; the white in the flower—the emblem of purity; and the blue—the type of Heaven. On one species, the pasiflora altar, even drops of blood are seen upon the cross or tree. This flower continues three days open, and then disappears, thus denoting the resurrection.

☞ "Mr. President, I rise to get up, and am not backward to come forward in the cause of education; for had it not been for education I wou'd be as ignorant as you are, Mr. President." So said an eloquent advocate of popular education at a public meeting in the town of ——.

A SELFISH HUSBAND WELL SERVED.—Lord Ellenborough was once about to go on the circuit, when Lady Ellenborough said that she should like to accompany him. He replied that he had no objection, provided she did not encumber the carriage with bandboxes, which was his utter abhorrence. During the first day's journey, Lord Ellenborough happening to stretch his legs, struck his foot against something below the seat. He discovered that it was a bandbox. Up went the window and out went the bandbox. The coachman stopped, and the footman thinking that the bandbox had tumbled out of the window by some extraordinary chance, were going to pick it up, when Lord Ellenborough furiously called out, "drive on!" The bandbox was accordingly left by the ditch side. Having reached the county town where he was to officiate as judge, Lord Ellenborough proceeded to array himself for his appearance in the Court House. "Now," said he, "where's my wig—where is my wig?" "My Lord," replied his attendant, "it was thrown out of the carriage window."

THE BEST OF GOOD ADVICE.—Avoid all boastings and exaggerations, back-biting, abuse, and evil speaking; slang phrases and oaths in conversation; depreciate no man's qualities, and accept hospitalities of the humblest kind in an hearty and appreciative manner; avoid giving offence, and if you do offend, have the manliness to apologise; infuse as much elegance as possible into your thoughts as well as your actions; and as you avoid vulgarities you will increase the enjoyment of life, and grow in the respect of others.—*Blunders in Behavior Corrected.*

GRATTAN'S VENERATION FOR OLD TREES.—He loved old trees, and used to say: "Never cut down a tree for fashion sake. The tree has its roots in the earth, which the fashion has not." A favorite old tree stood near the house at Tinnehinch. A friend of Grattan's, thinking it obstructed the view, recommended him to cut it down. "Why so?" said Grattan. "Because it stands in the way of the house." Grattan—"You mistake; it is the house that stands in the way of it, and if either comes down, let it be the house."—*Curran's Sketches of the Irish Bar.*

TOBACCO POISON.—The French poet Santeuil was killed by a little snuff being thrown into his wine-glass at the Prince of Conde's table. Bocarmo, of Belgium, was murdered in two minutes and a half by a little nicotine, or alkali of tobacco. Dr. Twitchell believes that sudden deaths and tobacco are found together, and he sustains this opinion by an array of facts altogether conclusive. I can give the names of scores of men, who were found dead in their beds, or fell dead in the streets or elsewhere, who had been the victims of this poison.

☞ To reject the evidence of prophecy *till all divines shall agree exactly about it*, argues a conduct as wise in the infidels, as if they should decline sitting down to a good dinner, *till all the clocks in London and Westminster struck four together!*—*Bishop Horne.*

Useful Receipts.

LEMON JUICE IN DROPSY.—Lemons are recommended for dropsy in a Russian medical journal, and are said to be beneficial in the most hopeless cases. The first day one lemon was given, after taking the peel off, and cutting it up into small pieces in sugar; the two following days three were given, and afterwards eighteen every day. For nourishment, meat was given. In every case the water came off on the seventh day.

HOW TO EXTINGUISH A FIRE IN A CHIMNEY.—So many serious fires have been caused by chimneys catching fire, and not being quickly extinguished, that the following method of doing this should be made as generally known as possible: Throw some powdered brimstone on the fire in the grate, or ignite some on the hob, and then put a board or something in the front of the fireplace, to prevent the fumes descending into the room. The vapor of the brimstone ascending the chimney, will then effectually extinguish the soot on fire.

TO KEEP FLOWERS.—To preserve flowers in water, mix a little carbonate of soda in it, and it will keep them a fortnight.

TANSEY FOR PEACH TREES.—A few years ago I experimented with planting a root of tansey with some young peach trees, as a preventive of the worm at the root, which I thought had a good effect. Nearly all the trees were blown up by the roots during the storm we had four years ago, but one or two were left, which continue flourishing. The tansey grows round the tree, and seems to act as a mulching.—*Cor. Ohio Cultivator.*

POTATO YEAST.—Cook and mash ten peeled potatoes, pour on a quart of boiling water and stir well, and add a coffee-cup of sugar; let this stand a few minutes; pour in a quart of cold water, wanting a gill, and when lukewarm stir in a pint of yeast, and set in a moderately warm place to rise. When well fermented, put into a stone jug, cork tightly, and tie the cork down and keep it in a cool place. After the first rising keep enough of this yeast for the second batch. A teacup of this yeast is sufficient for two large loaves of bread; most excellent it is for muffins and griddle cakes also. There is no need of hops or flour in it, and in my opinion it is the best yeast I have ever tried, and I have experimented in all known receipts.—*Anon.*

TO DESTROY GRUBS IN THE HEAD OF SHEEP.—Make a hole in a standing board, 24 inches from the ground, and large enough to let a sheep's nose through up to the eyes. Let one man hold the sheep in this position, and another with a syringe throw up each nostril of the sheep a slush of yellow snuff and water, strong enough to make them sneeze, and they will thus throw out the eggs of the fly that are deposited in July and August.—*Cor. Ohio Cultivator.*

"SEED TICKS" ON HORSES AND CATTLE.—The best remedy for the evil is to wash the parts affected with strong soap-suds, and then rub well with sweet oil or hog's lard. Spirits of hartshorn (aqua ammonia) 2 ounces; sweet oil, 2 ounces; shake well and sponge the horses with it before riding through "the brush," and they will not take hold.—*Correspondent Country Gentleman.*

LINES TO A MOTHER.

Thou weepest, childless mother;
Ay, weep, 'twill ease thine heart:
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one:
'Tis hard from him to part!

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp, cold earth,
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber,
His small mouth's rosy kiss;
Then wakened with a start,
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate!

And then to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight.

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty, playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimickry,
And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling;
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond mother!
In after years look back,
(Time brings such wondrous easing,)
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say: "My first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart,
When thou went forced to go:
And yet for thee, I know
'Twas better to depart.

"God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb, untasked, untried:
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

"I look around and see
The evil ways of men:
And oh, beloved child!
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

"The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that pressed,
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore
I lulled thee on my breast?"

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE of the WAR WITH MEXICO

(CONCLUDED.)

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XCVII.

SPEECHES IN COUNCIL.

"Hietans?" began the chief, for such in reality was the old Indian, "my children, and brothers in council? I appeal to you to stay judgment in this matter; I am your chief but I claim no consideration for that; Wakono is my son, but for him I ask no favor; I demand only justice and right—such as would be given to the humblest in our tribe; I ask no more for my son Wakono. Wakono is a brave warrior; who among you does not know it? His shield is garnished with many trophies taken from the hated pale-face, his leggings are fringed with scalps of the Utah and Cheyenne; at his heels drag the long locks of the Pawnee and Arapaho. Who will deny that Wakono—my son Wakono is a brave warrior?"

murmur of assent was the response to this rnal appeal.

The Spanish wolf, too, is a warrior—a brave warrior; I deny it not. He is stout of heart, and strong of arm; he has taken many scalps from the enemies of the Hietan; I honor him for his achievements; who among us does not?"

A general chorus or grunts and other ejaculations from both council and spectators responded to this interrogatory. The response, both in tone and manner, was strongly in the affirmative; and I could tell by this that the renegade was the favorite.

The old chief also perceived that such was the prevailing sentiment, and, despite his pretensions to fair-play, he was evidently nettled at the reply. The father of Wakono was undoubtedly no Brutus.

After a momentary pause, he resumed ch, but in a tone entirely altered. He now painting the reverse side of Hissoo-royo's portrait, and as he threw in the darker touches, it was with evident pique and hos-

"I honor the Spanish wolf," he continued; I honor him for his strong arm and his stout heart; I have said so; but hear me, Hietans—hear me, children and brothers! there are two of every kind—there is a night and a day—a winter and a summer—a green prairie and a desert plain, and like these is the tongue of Hissoo-royo. It speaks two ways that differ as light from the darkness—it is double—it like the tongue of the rattle-serpent—it not to be believed."

The chief ceased speaking, and the Spanish wolf was permitted to make reply. He did not attempt to defend himself from the charge of the "double tongue;" perhaps he knew that accusation was just enough, and he had no son to tremble for his popularity on that score. He must have been a great liar, indeed, to have excelled or even equalled the most ordinary story-teller in the Comanche nation; for the mendacity of these Indians would have been a match for Sparta herself.

The renegade did not even deny the aspersion; he seemed to be confident in his case; he simply replied:

"If the tongue of Hissoo-royo is double, let ot the council rely upon his words; let witnesses be called; there are many who are ready o testify to the truth of what Hissoo-royo has oken."

"First, hear Wakono! Let Wakono be eard! Where is Wakono?"

These demands were made by various members of the council, who spoke almost simultaneously.

Once more the crier's voice was heard calling "Wakono!"

"Brothers!" again spoke the chief; "it is for this I would stay your judgment. My son is not here; he went back upon the trail, and has not returned. I know not his purpose. My heart is in doubt—but not in fear. Wakono is a strong warrior, and can take care of himself. He will not be long absent; he must soon return. For this I ask you to delay the judgment."

A murmur of disapprobation followed this avowal. The allies of the Spanish wolf evidently mustered stronger than the friends of the young chief.

The renegade once more addressed the council.

"What trifling would this be, warriors of the Hietan? Two suns have gone down, and this question is not decided! I ask only justice.—By our laws, the judgment cannot stand over. The captives must belong to some one. I claim them as mine, and I offer witnesses to prove my right. Wakono has no claim, else why is he not here to avow it. He has no proofs but his own word; he is ashamed to stand before you without proof—that is why he is now absent from the camp."

"Wakono is not absent," cried a voice from among the bystanders; "he is in the camp!"

This announcement produced a sensation, and I could perceive that the old chief partook equally with the others of the surprise thus created.

"Who says Wakono is in the camp?" inquired he, in a loud voice.

An Indian stepped forth from the crowd of spectators. I recognized the man whom I had met crossing from the horse-guard.

"Wakono is in the camp," repeated he, as he paused outside the circle. "I saw the young chief; I spoke with him."

"When?"

"Only now."

"Where?"

The man pointed to the scene of our accidental rencontre.

"He was going yonder," said he; "he went among the trees—I saw him no more."

This intelligence evidently increased the astonishment of all. They could not comprehend why Wakono should be upon the ground, and yet not come forward to assert his claim. Had he abandoned it altogether?

The father of the claimant appeared as much puzzled as any one; he made no attempt to explain the absence of his son; he could not; he stood silent, and evidently in a state of mystification.

Several now suggested that a search be made for the absent warrior. It was proposed to send messengers throughout the camp—to *search the grove*.

My blood ran cold as I listened to the proposal; my knees trembled beneath me. I knew that if the grove was to be searched, I should have no chance of remaining longer concealed. The dress of Wakono was conspicuous; I saw that there was none other like it; no other wore a robe of jaguar-skins, and this would betray me. Even the paint would not avail; I should be led into the firelight; the counterfeit would be detected. I should be butchered upon the spot—perhaps tortured for the treatment we had given the true Wakono, which would soon become known.

My apprehensions had reached the climax of acuteness, when they were suddenly relieved by some words from the Spanish wolf.

"Why search for Wakono?" cried he; "Wakono knows his own name; it has been called, and loud enough. Wakono has ears—surely he can hear for himself, if he be in the camp. Call him again if you will!"

This proposition appeared reasonable. It was adopted, and the crier once more summoned the young chief by name.

The voice, as all perceived, could have been heard to the furthest bounds of the camp, and far beyond.

An interval was allowed, during which there reigned perfect silence, every one bending his ears to listen. There came no answer—no Wakono appeared to the summons.

"Now," triumphantly exclaimed the renegade, "is it not as I have said? Warriors! I demand your judgment."

There was no immediate reply. A long pause followed, during which no one spoke, either in the circle or among the spectators.

At length the oldest of the council rose, relit the calumet, and, after taking a whiff from the tube, handed it to the Indian seated on his left. This one, in like manner, passed it to the next, and he to the next, until the pipe had made the circuit of the fire, and was returned to the old warrior who had first smoked from it. The latter now laid aside the pipe, and in a formal manner, but in a voice inaudible to the spectators, proposed the question. The vote was taken in rotation, and was also delivered *sotto voce*. The judgment only was pronounced aloud.

The decision was singular, and somewhat unexpected. The jury had been moved by a strong leaning towards equity, and an amicable adjustment that might prove acceptable to all parties.

The horse was adjudged to Wakono—the maiden was declared the property of the Spanish wolf!

CHAPTER XCVIII.

A ROUGH COURTSHIP.

The decision appeared to give satisfaction to all. A grim smile upon his face testified that the renegade himself was pleased. How could he be otherwise? He had certainly the best of the suit, for what was a beautiful horse to a beautiful woman, and such a woman?

"I AM WAKONO! DEATH TO HIM WHO FOLLOWS!"

Even the white-haired chief seemed satisfied. Perhaps, of the two, the old savage jockey preferred the horse? It might have been different had Wakono been upon the ground. I was much mistaken if he would so tamely have acquiesced in the decision.

Yes, the renegade was satisfied—more than that, he was rejoiced. His bearing bespoke his consciousness of the possession of a rare and much-coveted thing. He was unable to conceal the gratification he felt; and with an air of triumph and exultation, he approached the spot where the captive sat.

As soon as the sentence was pronounced, the Indians who had been seated rose to their feet. The council was dismissed. Some of the members strolled off on their own business; others remained by the great fire, mixing among their comrades, no longer with the solemn gravity of councillors, but chatting, laughing shouting, and gesticulating as glibly and gaily as if they had been so many French dancing-masters.

The trial and its objects appeared to be at once forgotten; neither plaintiff, defendant, nor cause, seemed any longer to occupy the thoughts of any one. The horse had been delivered to a friend of Wakono—the maiden to Hissoo-royo—and the thing was settled and over.

Perhaps, here and there, some young brave, with a pain in his heart, may have bent wistful glances upon the lovely captive. No doubt there were many who looked with envious thoughts upon Hissoo royo and his fortunes. If so, their emotions were concealed, their glances furtive.

After the council was over, no one interfered—no one seemingly took any interest either in the renegade or his pale-faced squaw; they were left to themselves.

And to me. From that moment, my eyes and thoughts rested only on them; I saw no one else; I thought of nothing else; I watched but the "wolf" and his victim.

The old chief had retired into the tent. Isolina had been left alone.

Only a moment alone. Had it been otherwise, I should have sprung forward. My fingers had moved mechanically towards my knife; but there was not time. In the next instant, Hissoo-royo stood beside her.

He addressed her in Spanish; he did not desire the others to understand what was said. Speaking in this language, there would be less danger.

There was one who listened to every word. I listened—not a syllable escaped me.

"Now!" began he, in an exulting tone—"Now, Dona Isolina de Vargas! you have heard? I know you understand the tongue in which the council has spoken—your *native* tongue. Ha, ha, ha!"

The brute was jeering her.

"You are mine—soul and body, mine; you have heard?"

"I have heard," was the reply, in a tone of resignation!

"And surely you are satisfied; are you not? You should be. I am white as yourself—I have saved you from the embrace of a red Indian. Surely you are satisfied with the judgment?"

"I am satisfied."

This was uttered in the same tone of resignation. The answer somewhat surprised me.

"'Tis a lie!" rejoined the brutal monster; "you are playing false with me, sweet senorita. But yesterday you spoke words of scorn—you would scorn me still?"

"I have no power to scorn you; I am your captive."

"Carrambo! you speak truth. You have no power either to scorn or refuse me. Ha, ha, ha! And as little do I care if you did; you may like me or not at your pleasure. Perhaps you will take to me in time, as much as I may wish it; but that will be for your consideration, sweet senorita! Meanwhile, you are mine—body and soul you are mine."

The coarse taunt caused my blood already hot enough, to boil within my veins. I grasped the haft of my knife, and, like a tiger, stood cowering on the spring. My intent was, first to cut down the ruffian, and then set free the limbs of the captive with the blood-stained blade.

The chances were still against me. A score of savages were yet around the fire. Even should he fall at the first blow, I could not hope to get clear.

But I could bear it no longer; and would have risked the chances at that moment, had not my foot been stayed by some words that followed.

"Come!" exclaimed the renegade, speaking to his victim, and making sign for her to follow him.

I listened for the reply of Isolina; I watched her as well; I noted her every movement.

I saw that she pointed to her limbs—to the thong-fastenings around her ankles.

"How can I follow you?" she inquired, in a calm voice, and in a tone of surprise. Surely that tone was feigned? Surely she meditated some design?

"True," said the man, turning back, and drawing the knife from his belt. "Carrai! I had not thought of that; but we shall soon—"

He did not finish the sentence; he stopped in the middle of it, and in an attitude that betokened hesitation. In this attitude he remained awhile, gazing into the eyes of his victim; then, as if suddenly changing his mind, he struck the knife back into its sheath, and at the same time cried out—

"By the Virgin! I shall not trust you. You are too free of limb, sweet *margarita!* you might try to give me the slip. This is a better plan. Come! raise yourself up—a little higher—so. *Vamos!*"

While delivering the last words, the ruffian bent himself over the half-prostrate captive; and, placing his arm underneath, wound it around her waist. He then raised her upward until her bosom rested upon his—the bosom of my betrothed in juxtaposition with the painted breast of this worse than savage!

I saw it, and slew him not; I saw it, and kept cool—I can scarcely tell why, for it is not a characteristic of my nature. My nerves, from being so much played upon during the preceding hours, had acquired the firmness of steel; perhaps this enabled me to endure the sight—this, combined with an almost certain prospect of an improved opportunity.

At all events, I kept cool, and remained in my place, though only for a moment longer.

CHAPTER XCIX.

THE CRISIS.

The renegade having raised the unresisting captive in his arms, proceeded to carry her from the spot. He scarcely carried her; her feet, naked and bound, were trailing upon the grass, both together.

He passed the lodge, and was going towards the copse, in an oblique direction. I waited neither to see nor hear more. Still keeping within the timber, I glided along its edge; with quick but noiseless step I went, making for the same point towards which the ruffian was tending.

I arrived first, and stooping under the shadow of the trees, waited, with knife in hand, firm grasped and ready.

His burden had delayed him, he had stopped midway to rest, and was now standing scarcely ten paces from the edge of the grove, with the girl still in his arms, and apparently leaning against him.

There was a momentary wavering in my mind as to whether I should not then rush forth, and strike the coup. The chance seemed as good as I might have.

I was about deciding in the affirmative, when I saw that Hissoo-royo had again taken up his burden, and was moving towards me. He was making directly for the spot where I stood.—The crisis was near.

It was even nearer than I thought. The man had scarcely made three steps from the point of rest, when I saw him stumble and fall to the earth, carrying the captive along with him!

The fall appeared accidental. I might have deemed it so, but for the wild shout with which it was accompanied. Something more than a mere stumble elicited that fearful cry.

There was a short struggle upon the ground—the bodies became separated. One was seen to spring suddenly back; I saw it was Isolina! There was something in her hand—both moonlight and firelight gleamed upon the crimsoned blade.

She who grasped it bent for an instant downward—its keen edge severed the thongs from her limbs, and the moment after, she was running in full flight across the level sward of the camp ground.

Without reflection, I sprang out of the covert and rushed after. I passed the renegade, who had half-regained his feet, and appeared but slightly wounded. Astonishment as much as aught else seemed to hold him to the spot.—He was shouting and swearing—calling for help and uttering threats of vengeance.

I could have slain him, and was half-inclined to the act; but there was no time to stay. I only thought of overtaking the fugitive, and aiding her in her flight.

The alarm was given—the camp was in commotion—fifty savages were starting upon the chase.

As we ran, my eyes fell upon a horse—a white horse. It was the steed; a man was leading him by a lazo. He was taking him from the fires toward the ground occupied by the mustangs; he was going to picket him on the grass.

Horse and man were directly in front of us, as we ran—in front of the fugitive. She was making towards them; I divined her intention.

In a few seconds she was up to the horse, and had seized the rope.—The Indian struggled, and tried to take it away from her; the red blade gleamed in his eyes, and he gave back.

He still clung to the rope, but in an instant it was cut from his hands, and, quick as thought, the heroic woman leaped upon the back of the steed, and was seen galloping away.

The Indian was one of the horse-guards, and was therefore armed; he carried bow and quiver.—Before the horse had galloped beyond reach, he had bent his bow and sent an arrow from the string. I heard the "wheep" of the shaft, and fancied I heard it strike; but the steed kept on.

I had plucked up one of the long spears as I ran across the camp—Before the Indian could adjust another arrow to the string, I had pinned him to the grass.

I drew back the spear, and, keeping the white horse in view, ran on.

I was soon in the midst of the mustangs; many of them had already stampeded, and were galloping to and fro over the ground. The guards were dismayed, but as yet knew not the cause of the alarm. The steed with his rider passed safely through their line.

I was following on foot. Fifty savages were after me; I could hear their shouts.

I could hear them cry "Wakono," but I was soon far in advance of all. The horse-guards, as I passed them, were shouting "Wakono!"

As soon as I had cleared the horse-drove, I again perceived the steed; but he was now some distance off. To my joy, he was going in the right direction—straight for the yuccas upon the hill. My men would see and intercept him.

I ran along the stream with all speed. I reached the broken bank, and, without stopping, rushed into the gully for my horse.

What was my astonishment to find that he was gone!—my noble steed gone, and in his place the spotted mustang of the Indian. I looked up and down the channel; I looked along its banks—Moro was not in sight.

I was puzzled, perplexed, furious. I knew no explanation of the mystery—I could think of none. Who could have done it? Who? My followers must have done it? Rube must have done it? but why? In my hot haste, I could find no reason for this singular action.

I had no time to reflect—not a moment. I drew the animal from the water, and leaping upon his back, rode out of the channel.

As I regained the level of the plain, I saw mounted men, a crowd of them coming from the camp. They were the savages in pursuit; one was far ahead of the rest, and before I could turn my horse to flee, he was close up to me. In the moonlight I easily recognized him—it was Hissoo-royo the renegade.

"Slave!" shouted he, speaking in the Comanche tongue, and with furious emphasis, "it is you who have planned this. Squaw! coward! you shall die! The white captive is mine—mine, Wakono! and you—"

He did not finish the sentence. I still carried the Comanche spear; my six months' service in a lance regiment now stood me in stead—the mustang behaved handsomely, and carried me full tilt upon my foe.

In another instant the renegade and his horse were parted; the former lay levelled upon the grass, transfixed with the long spear, while the latter was galloping riderless over the plain!

At this crisis I perceived the crowd coming up, and close to the spot. There were twenty or more, and I saw that I should soon be surrounded.

A happy idea came opportunely to my relief. All along I had observed that I was mistaken for Wakono. The Indians in the camp had cried "Wakono;" the horse-guards shouted "Wakono," as I passed; the pursuers were calling "Wakono," as they rode up; the renegade had fallen with the name upon his lips; the spotted horse, the robe of jaguar-skins, the plumed head-dress, the red hand, the white cross, all proclaimed me Wakono!

I urged my horse forward, and reined up in front of my pursuers. I raised my arm, and shook it in menace before their faces; at the same instant I cried out in a loud voice:

"I am Wakono! Death to him who follows!"

I spoke in Comanche. I was not so sure of the correctness of my words—either of the pronunciation or the syntax—but I had the gratification to perceive that I was understood. Perhaps my gestures helped the savages to comprehend me—the meaning of these was not to be mistaken.

From whatever cause, the pursuers made no further advance; but one and all, drawing in their horses, halted upon the spot.

I stayed not for further parley, but, wheeling quickly round, galloped off as fast as the mustang could carry me.

CHAPTER C.

THE LAST CHASE.

On facing towards the hill I perceived the steed still not so distant. His white body, gleaming under the clear moonlight, could have been easily distinguished at a far greater distance. I had expected to see him much further away; but, after all, the tilt of lances, and the menace delivered to the pursuing horsemen, had scarcely occupied a score of seconds, and he could not in the time have gone out of sight.

He was still running between myself and the foot of the hill—apparently keeping along the bank of the stream.

I put the Indian horse to his full speed. The point of my knife served for whip and spur. I was no longer encumbered with the spear; it had been left in the body of Hissoo-royo.

I kept my eyes fixed upon the steed, but he was fast closing into the timber that skirted the base of the hill; he was nearing the bend where I had taken to the water, and would soon be hidden from my view behind the bushes.

All at once I saw him swerve, and strike away to the left, across the open plain. To my surprise I saw this, for I had conjectured that his rider was aiming to reach the cover offered by the thicket.

Without waiting to think of an explanation, I headed the mustang into a diagonal line, and galloped forward.

I was in hopes of getting nearer by the advantage thus given me, but I was ill satisfied with the creeping pace of the Indian horse, so unlike the long, free stretch of my noble Moro. Where was he? Why was I not bestriding him?

The white steed soon shot clear of the hill, and was now running upon the plain that stretched beyond it.

I saw that I was not gaining upon him; on the contrary, he was every moment widening the distance between us. Where was Moro? Why had he been taken away?

At that instant I perceived a dark horseman making along the foot of the ridge, as if to intercept me; he was dashing furiously through the thicket that skirted the base of the declivity. I could hear the bushes rattling against the flanks of his horse; he was evidently making all the haste in his power, at the same time aiming to keep concealed from the view of any one upon the plain.

I recognized my horse, and upon his back the thin, lank form of the earless trapper!

We met the moment after at the point where the thicket ended. Without a word passing between us, both simultaneously flung ourselves to the ground, exchanged horses, and remounted. Thank Heaven! Moro was at last between my knees!

"Now, young fellar!" cried the trapper, as I parted from him, "gallip like durnation, an' kitch up wi' her! We'll soon be arter on your trail—all right thur. Away!"

I needed no prompting from Rube; his speech was not finished before I had sprung my horse forward, and was going like the wind.

It was only then that I could comprehend why the horses had been changed; a ruse it was—an afterthought of the cunning trappers. Had I mounted my own conspicuous steed by the camp, the Indians would in all probability have suspected something, and continued the pursuit; it was the spotted mustang that had enabled me to carry out the counterfeit!

I had now beneath me a horse I could depend upon; and with renewed vigor I bent myself to the chase. For the third time, the black and white stallions were to make trial of their speed—for the third time was it to be a struggle between these noble creatures.

Would the struggle be hard, and long? Would Moro again be defeated? Such were my reflections as I swept onward in the pursuit.

I rode in silence; I scarcely drew breath, so keen were my apprehensions about the result.

A long start had the prairie-horse. My delay had thrown me far behind him—nearly a mile. But for the friendly light, I should have lost sight of him altogether, but the plain was open, the moon shining brightly, and the snow-white form, like a meteor, beaconed me onward.

I had not galloped far, before perceiving that I rapidly gained upon the steed. Surely he was not running at his fleetest? Surely he was going more slowly than his wont?

Oh! could his rider but know who was coming after!—could she but hear me! I would have called, but the distance was still too great. She could not have heard even my shouts; how could she distinguish my voice?

I galloped on in silence. I was gaining—constantly and rapidly gaining. Surely I was drawing nearer? or were my eyes playing false under the light of the moon?

I fancied that the steed was running heavily—slowly and heavily—as if he was laboring in the race. I fancied—no, it was no fancy—I was sure of it! Beyond a doubt, he was not going at his swiftest speed!

What could it mean? Was he broken by fatigue?

Still nearer and nearer I came, until scarcely three hundred yards appeared between us. I fancied that my shouts might be heard, that my voice—

I called aloud; I called the name of my betrothed, coupling it with my own; but no answer came back—no sign of recognition to cheer me.

The ground that now lay between us favored a race-course speed; and I was about putting my horse to his full stretch, when, to my astonishment, I saw the steed stagger forward, and fall headlong to the earth!

It did not check my career, and in a few seconds more I was upon the spot, and halting over horse and rider, still prostrate.

I flung myself from the saddle, and drew nearer. Isolina had disengaged herself, and risen to her feet. With her right hand clasping the red knife, she stood confronting me.

"Savage! approach me not!" she cried in the Comanche tongue, and with a gesture that told her determination.

"Isolina! I am not ——. It is—"

"Henri!"

No words interrupted that wild embrace; no sound could be heard save that made by our hearts, as they throbbed closely together.

. . . . . .

Silently I stood upon the plain with my betrothed in my arms. Moro was by our side, proudly curving his neck and chafing the steel between his foaming lips. At our feet lay the prairie-horse with the barb in his vitals, and the feathered shaft protruding from his side. His eyes were fixed and glassy; blood still ran from his spread nostrils; but his beautiful limbs were motionless in death!

Horsemen were seen approaching the spot. We did not attempt to flee from them; I recognized my followers.

We looked back over the plain; there was no sign of pursuit; but for all that, we did not tarry there. We knew not how soon the Indians might be after us; the friends of Hissoo-royo might start forth upon the trail of Wakono!

It was near daybreak when we halted to rest,

and then only after the prairie had been fired behind us.

We found shelter in a pretty grove of acacias, and a grassy turf on which to repose. My wearied followers soon fell asleep.

I slept not; I watched over the slumbers of my betrothed. Her beautiful head was pillowed upon the robe of jaguar-skins, and my eyes were upon it. The thick tresses had fallen aside, and I saw—

The matador, too, had been merciful! or had gold bribed him from his cruel intent? No matter which! he had failed in his fiendish duty. I saw but the trifling scar where the gold circlet had been rudely plucked—the source of that red hemorrhage that had been seen by Cypriot

I was too happy to sleep.

It was our last night upon the prairies. Before the setting of another sun, we had crossed the Rio Grande, and arrived in the camp of our army. Under the broad protecting wings of the American eagle, my betrothed could repose in safety until that blissful hour when—

* * * * * * * *

Of the Comanches we never heard more. The story of one only was afterwards told—a fearful tale. Ill-fated Wakono! A horrid end was his.

An oft-told tale by the prairie camp fire is that of the skeleton of an Indian warrior found clasping the trunk of a tree! Wakono had horribly perished.

We had no design of giving him to such a fate. Without thought had we acted; and though he may have deserved death, we had not designed for him such terrible retribution. Perhaps I was the only one who had any remorseful feeling; but the remembrance of that scalp bedecked shield—the scenes in that Cyprian grove—those weeping captives, wended to a woful lot—the remembrance of these cruel realities evermore rose before my mind, stifling the remorse I should otherwise have felt for the doom of the ill-starred savage. His death, though terrible in kind, was merited by his deeds, and was perhaps as just as punishments usually are.

Poetical justice demands the death of Ijurra, and by the hand of Hollingsworth. Truth enables me to satisfy the demand.

On my return to the camp, I learned that the act was already consummated—the brother's blood had been avenged!

It was a tragic tale, and would take many chapters in the telling. I may not give them here. Let a few particulars suffice.

From that dread night, Hollingsworth had found a willing hand to aid him in his purpose of retribution—one who yearned for vengeance keenly as himself. Wheatley was the man.

The two, with a chosen party, had thrown themselves on the trail of the guerrilla, and with Pedro as their guide, had followed it far within the hostile lines. Like sleuth-hounds had they followed it night and day, until they succeeded in tracking the guerrilleros to their lair.

It was a desperate conflict—hand to hand, and knife to knife—but the rangers at length triumphed; most of the guerrilleros were slain, and the band nearly annihilated.

Ijurra fell by Hollingsworth's own hand; while the death of the red ruffian El Zorro, by the bowie-knife of the Texan lieutenant, was an appropriate punishment for the cruelty inflicted upon Conchita. The revenge of both was complete, though both still bore the sorrow within their hearts.

The expedition of the two lieutenants was productive of other fruits. In the head quarters of the guerrilla they found many prisoners, Yankees and Ayankieados—among others, that rare diplomatist Don Ramon de Vargas. Of course the old gentleman was released from captivity, and had arrived at the American camp, just in time to welcome his fair daughter and future son-in-law from their grand *ante*-bymeneal "tour upon the prairies."

THE END.

CHILDHOOD AND OLD AGE.

The exquisite little poem called *The Retreate*, has ever been my favorite among the old poet, Henry Vaughan's compositions. I was sorry, therefore, the other day, to find one of the most beautiful ideas in it contradicted by the alleged experience of another poet, Samuel Rogers:

"THE RETREATE.

"Happy those early days when I
Shined in my angell-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestiall thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flowre
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity!
* * * * * *
Oh! how I long to travel back
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plaine
Where first I left my glorious traine;
From whence the Inlightened spirit sees
That shady City of Palm trees?"
* * * * * *

"TABLE-TALK OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

"One afternoon, at court, I was standing beside two intimate acquaintances of mine, an old nobleman and a middle-aged lady of rank, when the former remarked to the latter that he thought a certain young lady near us, very beautiful. The middle-aged lady replied, 'I cannot see any particular beauty in her.' 'Ah, madam,' he rejoined, 'to us old men youth always appears beautiful!'—a speech with which Wordsworth, when I repeated it to him, was greatly struck. The fact is, till we are about to leave the world we do not perceive how much it contains to excite our interest and admiration; *the sunsets appear to me far lovelier now than they were in other years; and the bee upon the flower is now an object of curiosity to me, which it was not in my early days.*"—P. 138.

Both Vaughan's and Rogers's sentiments here are so striking, one hardly knows which to believe. Perhaps both are true, old age being second childhood.—*Cor. Notes and Queries.*

☞ They who are the most weary of life, and yet the most unwilling to die, are such as have lived to no purpose, who have rather breathed than lived.—*Clarendon.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, July 23d, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The event of the past week has been the death and burial of the poet Beranger—the "song-maker," as he liked to call himself—at the age of 77, universally beloved and regretted. An immense concourse of people attended his funeral, which took place under the conduct of the civil and military authorities. As the funeral procession passed along, the affectionate regret of the crowd was testified by the constant cries of "*Vive Beranger!*" "*Honneur a Beranger!*" which broke forth as the hearse came in sight; and thus, attended by the sympathies of the population, the noble old man who had been loved so well, and honored by all the dignities and talent of the day, was borne to his grave.

The coffin was deposited in a handsome vault, purchased by the Emperor from his privy purse. A monument is to be erected over it, at the expense of the State; and the street in which the poet died, and in which he had resided for many years, is henceforth to be called the "Rue de Beranger."

THE LIFE OF A MANLY MAN.

The life of Beranger offers a noble contrast, in its modesty and uprightness, with the self-seeking, the dependance, and the frequent compromises of dignity and liberty that too often mark the career of those whose talent brings them conspicuously before the world, and subjects them to temptation from the blandishments of fashionable life. Offers of pecuniary aid were always rejected by him, no matter from what quarter they came. A very delicate attempt of the Empress Eugenie, a few months since, to add to the slender resources he derived from the sale of his works, was declined by him, respectfully, but firmly, as all such offers always have been. In order to enable himself to preserve this heroic independence, he adopted, in early life, a very simple style of living, from which he never varied; he never frequented the houses of the rich and fashionable, but kept himself as far as possible aloof from all but the few tried friends to whom he accorded confidence and intimacy. He was always kindly, truthful, humane, and extremely generous, despite the narrowness of his means, which consisted solely of the proceeds of his works, for he never suffered any one to bestow pecuniary favors on him; never accepted a place; never engaged in speculation of any kind. The papers are teeming with anecdotes of his generosity, and every one has something to relate in confirmation. Thus it seems that, when he lived in a humble lodging in the Faubourg St. Germain, he used to meet on the stairs a fellow-lodger whose appearance greatly interested him. The stranger was a very intelligent looking person, but evidently very poor, and crushed by want and anxiety. Yet his toilet was always neat, and a certain air of dignity and patience showed that he was not a vulgar man. Beranger, meeting his neighbor day by day on the stairs, became greatly interested in him, and contrived gradually to make his acquaintance. He learned that his neighbor was a person of good family and excellent education, a physician, but unable to get into practice. His family had cast him off on account of his liberal political opinions, and used all their influence to injure him, and to prevent his succeeding in his profession. Without friends or funds, he was often at his wits' end for bare subsistence, and passed days together without tasting anything but bread and water. Soon after the poet had obtained the confidence of his unfortunate neighbor, the latter met him one day, with a radiant countenance.

"My family are beginning to soften," he cried, to Beranger, "they have sent me a quantity of most acceptable things. Who knows whether this may not be the beginning of a reconciliation?" And drawing the poet by the arm, the patientless doctor drew his new friend into his room, and displayed to him a ham, a bag of coffee, a loaf of sugar, some new shirts and handkerchiefs, and various other items equally acceptable. "I have really not eaten to the extent of my appetite for many months past!" he exclaimed, as he joyfully displayed his treasures to his friend, "now I shall have a famous dinner, to make up for lost time!"

Beranger expressed his pleasure at the news, and his hope that better times were beginning for him, and left him lighting a fire, in a state of great exultation, to prepare some coffee from the store sent in by his relatives. But the relatives of the poor physician had nothing to do with the matter. It was Beranger, then very poor, who had contrived, out of his poverty, to make this generous provision for one still poorer than himself; and every week, for the long space of eight years, did he renew in the same delicate manner, the same generous contribution. So well was the thing managed, by Beranger's ingenuity, that the recipient of his bounty never knew to whom he had been indebted for this long and persevering aid.

In the first flush of youth, the moral conduct of the gifted young poet was not altogether without reproach in one respect. Keenly alive to beauty and grace, and hurried on by an ardent and enthusiastic temperament, he is known to have worshipped at the shrine of many of the frail goddesses of his day. But this phase of his life did not last long. He became exceedingly attached to Mademoiselle Judith ——, a very beautiful and charming girl of his own rank, and of his own way of thinking, who fully reciprocated the devotion of the poet. The invincible aversion to every species of legal restraint, and the absolute need of unfettered freedom in all his personal and social relations that marked his whole career, rendered the idea of marriage utterly repulsive to him, and no ceremony, either civil or religious, was ever gone through by the poet and the lady whom he loved. But the affection was so entire on both sides, that no cloud or coolness ever occurred between them; and they lived together in untroubled harmony and entire devotion to each other for more than half a century. In the later years of her life, Mlle Judith had become the prettiest and most charming little old lady it was possible to see; always the picture of neatness, with a plain gown, of old-fashioned cut, and a mob-cap, trimmed with a double row of snowy lace, and a white ribbon crossed behind, and tied in a bow over the top of the head. Lively, yet gentle, exceedingly intelligent, adoring her poet-lover to the last, an excellent counsellor, and a most generous and ready friend, Mlle Judith was well worthy to occupy the corner of the fireside opposite the poet. She always sat in an old carved arm chair, with a cushion of eider-down behind her shoulders, and her feet on a little stool. She was a capital housekeeper, and made the slender resources of the poet go a very long way. Nothing could be more lively, peaceful and agreeable than the domestic sphere of which she was the presiding genius. A warm friend of the poet, knowing his abhorrence of gifts and favors, left his property, at his death, to Mlle Judith, for her life-time, thinking she would certainly outlive the poet, for she was several years his junior, and enjoyed most excellent health up to a short period before her death. With the additional funds thus placed at her command, Mlle Judith made their home a very comfortable one, though in a very simple way, and was able to give effect to the generous impulses of the poet and her own.

The death of this excellent woman was mentioned in one of my former letters. During her malady it was most touching to see the care with which she sought to hide her real state from Beranger, and the pains taken by the latter to dissimulate the grief with which the knowledge of her approaching end was weighing him down. He was often obliged to leave the room to hide his tears; and would come back, seemingly gay, witty and happy, as was his wont, while she, deceived by his manner, would express to their friends her hope that his elasticity of temperament would enable him to bear up under the loss, and that he would soon get over her absence, and find consolation in friendship and philosophy. But the poet, overwhelmed with sorrow at her death, never recovered from the blow, and he has now followed the faithful partner of his long and honorable life after a separation of only a few months.

With regard to the genius of the deceased poet, there can be but one opinion. Some of his earlier productions are undoubtedly marred by very great license of thought and of expression, and must be offensive to sound judgment as to correct taste. But these blemishes disappear in the productions of his maturer years, and his broad human kindness, earnest patriotism, contempt of shams, and horror of oppression, his unceasing aspirations after liberty and progress, his genial humor, and inexhaustible fancy, the terseness, grace and vigor of his style, must ensure him a high place in the memory of his countrymen and of the world, for many a long year to come.

A RELIGIOUS BUTCHERY.

Great horror has been excited here by the murder of a Jewish wagoner in Tunis, accused of having said something disrespectful of Mohamet, in reply to a gratuitous insult to the Jewish faith by a fanatical young Tunisian, who fancied that the wheels of the "unclean" wagoner's cart had touched, and so profaned his garments as he passed by. The quarrel between the two was instantly taken up by the Tunisian population; although it was late in the evening when the incident occurred, eighty witnesses sprung up as by magic, declaring they had heard the "blasphemies" of the Jew, who appears to have been a little the worse for something rather stronger than water. The Jew was dragged from his cart, hurried before the magistrate, and instantly condemned to death. The French consul, hearing of the excitement, waited on the Bey, praying him to grant a commutation of the sentence; but in vain. The Bey confirmed the sentence, and ordered the Jew to be executed within the hour. The whole population, wild with fury, turned out to witness the execution, and wreak their vengeance on their victim. They ran him through with daggers and swords, taking care the wounds should not be mortal, and then proceeded to mangle and torture their victim with a fiendish cruelty and perseverance that make one's blood run cold. Suffice it to say that after forcing the Jew to endure all that the body can endure without dying, they ended his sufferings by cutting him up piecemeal, throwing portions of him to the greedy Tunisian dogs; they next put the mangled remains together, and pelted them with stones; and having subjected them to every indignity, threw them into the ditch where the offal of the city is deposited.

The Bey has shown so much enlightened judgment in many of his administrative measures, that a better action on his part might have been hoped for. All the foreign consuls there are indignant at this judicial assassination, and at the abominable cruelties by which it has been accompanied.

How melancholy is the tendency of human nature, all the world over, to wreak its utmost bitterness on difference of opinion upon the very subjects most removed from the domain of matter-of-fact, and, consequently, by their very nature, least susceptible of being proved with the mathematical or psychological certainty which alone could render unanimity of conviction possible!

BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE.

The uppermost topic here is still the marvellous power of Mr. Home, as the Scotch-American "medium" now writes his name, and is called by his friends; and this not among the lower and more credulous ranks of the people, but among those most distinguished for intellect, station, and knowledge of the world. The friends of the "medium" were in despair, a week or two ago, at the sudden loss by him of his occult faculties whatever they may be. It seems that the Emperor, when Count de Morny went to see him at Plombieres, imparted to him the extraordinary phenomena he is in the habit of witnessing on the part of Mr. Home. Count de Morny, a confirmed skeptic in all such matters, and by far the shrewdest pate in the Emperor's party, frankly declared to his imperial brother that he did not believe one single bit of all these wonders.

"You shall see for yourself," replied the Emperor.

"That, of course, I shall very willingly do," returned the Count; "but I am pretty certain beforehand as to what the result will be."

Last Saturday Mr. Home spent the evening at the Count de Morny's. He was in the full exercise of his singular powers, and all the usual "manifestations" were produced in great force. Crackings were heard in every piece of the furniture, the air grew suddenly cold, invisible hands touched the guests and carried different objects about the room, tables were lifted up into the air and held there by the same agencies, shining hands were seen by many of the guests, conversations with "spirits" took place, shades of dead people were evoked, and things mentioned to the host of which he alone could be cognizant. Count de Morny is stated to have become a firm "believer" in the inexplicable powers of the renowned "medium." These odd things having gone on through the whole evening, Mr. Home was so much fatigued by them that his powers suddenly deserted him, as it appears they sometimes do for months together. He had promised to show these phenomena at M. Gigoux's, where Larrey, (the great surgeon of the Hotel Dieu), Chenavard, the well-known artist, Count Mistzchek, (son in-law of Mme de Balzac,) and other distinguished scientific and literary men, were assembled to examine the mysterious claims of the "medium." But Mr. Home was unable to produce a single "manifestation" throughout the evening. His "spirits" had deserted him. In grief at his loss, he determined to leave Paris, and bury himself in some unapproachable solitude. But after a week's incapacity, the "powers" of this problematic personage suddenly came back to him, at the Duchess of Hamilton's, (a cousin of the Emperor,) where he was passing the evening a couple of days ago. It appears that the "spirits" have explained to him that it was the great exhaustion produced by his action at the Count de Morny's that had thus compelled them to leave him for a time; and have forbidden his leaving Paris, a project which he has accordingly renounced.

A DELECTABLE GHOST STORY.

Among the most fervent believers in the marvels produced by Mr. Home, is a Russian nobleman of very high rank, and a good deal of talent. This gentleman, a few days since, being at a party where the strange deeds of the "medium" formed the subject of discussion, recounted the following anecdote, with a view to proving that the spirits of the deceased do, sometimes, "walk the earth."

"Just after the Grand-Duke Paul," said this nobleman, "returned to St. Petersburg, from his journey through western Europe under the title of the Count du Nord, he, one evening, took a ramble through the streets of that city, accompanied by Prince Kourakin, and a couple of moujicks. Suddenly the Grand-Duke, as he neared the gateway of a house before which they were passing, perceived a tall figure enveloped in a long cloak, and a hat drawn down over his eyes, standing just inside the gateway. This figure, that seemed to be waiting for the Grand-Duke, walked slowly out as the Grand-Duke approached the door, placed itself at his side, and went on beside him, without speaking. The stranger moved on at the same pace as the young heir, but his steps struck on the pavement as though he were shod with stone. Something stiff and stony in the whole appearance of the figure, and an unaccountable coldness felt by the Grand-Duke all down the side of his person next to which the stranger was walking, startled the Grand-Duke, and alarmed him he hardly knew why. Presently a hollow voice seemed to issue from the folds of the mantle, exclaiming,

"'Paul! Paul!'

"'What do you want with me?' demanded Paul, annoyed and astonished at the adventure.

"'Paul! Paul!' again exclaimed the voice, but in a tone of affectionate sadness.

"Paul made no answer; and the voice again uttered its plaintive and melancholy call. Still the Grand-Duke made no reply; the figure then stood still, and turned slowly towards him. The Grand-Duke, as though compelled by some occult force, stood still also, turning towards his inexplicable companion.

"'Paul! poor Paul! unfortunate Prince!' said the figure, in a pitying tone.

"Paul turned toward Prince Kourakin.

"'Do you hear?' he demanded of the latter.

"'I hear nothing, your highness,' replied the Prince.

"'And do you see nothing?' demanded the the Grand-Duke.

"'Nothing at all. What does your Highness mean?' replied Prince Kourakin, astonished at the Grand-Duke's questions.

"Paul, who both saw and heard, thereupon summoned up all his resolution, turned to the figure, and again demand,

"'Who are you? and what do you want with me?'

"The cap and mantle that enveloped the face of the stranger then slowly fell away, and the Grand-Duke recognized, to his terror, the sunburned cheeks, lofty forehead, stern smile, and eagle-glance of his grandsire, Peter the Great.

"'I am one who is interested in thy fate,' replied the vision. 'Withdraw thy thoughts from worldly things, for thou hast but a short time to remain among them. Live righteously, that death may not find thee unprepared.' With these words, the figure again walked on, and Paul, drawn after it, as by some attractive force, followed its resounding steps for two hours through the town.

"Prince Kourakin, astounded at this long, silent march of the Grand-Duke, followed in silence; and with secret uneasiness. When they reached the Grand Square, between the Neva bridge and the Senate-house, the spectre paused, and pointed towards a certain spot of the Square—

"'Paul! Paul!' it said, in the same hollow, melancholy voice, 'thou wilt see me there—and elsewhere!' and vanished.

"Two months afterwards the Grand-Duke, so much beloved by the people who hailed him already as their future sovereign, thus exciting the jealousy of Catherine, had fallen a victim to her murderous hate."

QUANTUM.

☞ A fop just returned from a continental tour, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was the reply, "they are so dreadfully out of repair."

☞ "Do you enjoy good health?" "Yes," was the reply, "who doesn't?"

☞ The botanists tell us that there is no such thing in nature as a black flower. We suppose they never heard of the "coal black Rose."

☞ The man who thinks laboriously will express himself concisely.

HYMN OF THE HARVESTERS.

We gather them in—the bright green leaves,
With our scythes and rakes to-day,
And the mow grows big, and the pitcher heaves
His lips in the sweltering hay.
Oh, be! a field! for the mower's scythe,
Hath a ring of destiny,
Sweeping the earth of its burthen lithe,
As it sung in wrathful glee.

We gather them in—the nodding plumes
Of the yellow and bending grain,
And the flash of our sickles' light flumes
Our march o'er the vanquished plain.
Anon we come with the steed-drawn car—
The cunning of modern laws;
And the acres stoop to its clanking jar,
As it rocks its hungry jaws.

We gather them in—the mellow fruits
From the shrub, the vine and tree,
With their russets, and golden, and purple suits,
To garnish our treasury.
And each has a juicy treasure stored
All aneath its tinted rind,
To cheer our guests at the social board,
When we leave our cares behind.

We gather them in—in this goodly store,
But not with the miser's gust,
For the Great All Father we adore,
Hath but given it in trust;
And our work of death is but for life,
In the wintry days to come—
Then a blessing upon the Reaper's strife,
And a shout at his Harvest Home.

CANINE CURTAILMENT IN MEXICO.—The editor of a journal published in the city of Mexico, in view of the practice prevalent in that locality, of cutting off the tails of the canine species, indulges in the following eloquent dissertation, which we translate for the benefit of our readers: "What an absurd and barbarous act it is to deprive a dog of his tail! It is, in fact, to cut out his tongue, for a dog speaks much less with his tongue than with his tail. With his tail a dog not only expresses gratitude, as did Fido, but hope, solicitude, courtesy, desire, love, obedience, anger, shame, defiance, fear and gaiety. It is clear, therefore, that in cutting off a dog's tail we deprive him of the power of speech." We should conclude that after the publication of the above, bob-tailed dogs would become less numerous in the city of the Montezumas.—*To us Talk.*

PEPPER is an almost universal condiment. Black pepper irritates and inflames the coatings of the stomach—red pepper does not; it excites, but does not irritate, consequently it should be used instead of black pepper. It was known to the Romans, and has been in use in the East Indies from time immemorial, as it corrects that flatulency which attends the large use of vegetable food. Persons in health do not need any pepper in their food. But to those of weak and languid stomachs, it is manifold more beneficial to use Cayenne pepper at meals than any form of wine, brandy or beer, that can be named, because it stimulates without the reaction of sleepiness or debility.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

SPEECH.

Speech is morning to the mind;
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul.
—*Lee.*

☞ The beauty of woman transcends all other forms of beauty, as well in the sweetness of its suggestions, as in the delicious fervor of the admiration it awakens. The beauty of a lovely woman is an inspiration; a sweet delirium; a gentle madness. Her looks are love potions.

☞ Never wish a thing done, but do it.

☞ A promising boy, not more than five years old, hearing some gentleman at his father's table discussing the familiar line—"An honest man's the noblest work of God," said he knew it wasn't true—his mother was better than any man that ever was made.

☞ On a physician admonishing a patient on one occasion against his supposed habit of eating too fast, and telling him that *bolting* the food was a bar to digestion, he said, "You speak *ironically*, doctor."

☞ Rural walks are pleasanter than rural rides. The charm of the country is in its sights and *sounds*. On horseback or in a carriage, the senses are not lulled by the hum of insects, the rustling of leaves, or the songs of birds. These, and more than these, the distant sounds that fall so sweetly on the ear, and that break only to illustrate and deepen the peacefulness of the scene, are all rendered inaudible by the clatter or clump of your horse's feet, or the roll of your wheels.

☞ It behooves us ever to bear in mind, that while our actions are always to be judged by the immutable standard of right and wrong, the judgment which we pass upon men must be qualified by considerations of age, country, situation, and other incidental circumstances; and it will then be found, that he who is most charitable in his judgment, is generally the least unjust.

☞ "I am afraid I shall come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman. "I have come to want already," was the reply.—"I want your daughter." The old lady opened her eyes.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '82	109	—
" " '67	116¾	—
" " '68	116¾	—
" " '85	108	—
Phila 6 pr ct	89½	90
" " new	93½	93½
" 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	90	95
Pitts 6 pr ct	72	75
" " coupon	74½	75
All'gy city 5 pr ct	62½	63
" county "	60	65¼
Alle co RR 6's	69	73
Penn "	—	—
" 5 "	85	85½
" " coupon	87	89
Tenn 6 pr ct	84½	87
" 5 " coupon	73	74
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101	103½
Penn RR 6 pr ct	93½	94
5's m't loan '63	85	86
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	71	75
P G & N RR "	90½	92½
Reading RR "	78	80
" " m't "	85	86
R & Lan RR "	87	88
Che Val RR "	90	97½
Tioga RR "	73	75
Phil Wil & Bal '60 RR 6 pr ct	85	85½
Long I RR "	65	70
Sch Nav '82 "	63	65
Lehigh Nav "	92	92
" Mort "	92	93½
C & D Ct "	61	62½
Sus & Tid '78"	55	58
Union Canal	59	60
Will'ms & Elmira 1st m't 7 pr ct	75½	75½
2d " 7 pr ct	65	67½
Catawissa "	52	55
North Penns 6 pr ct	50½	50½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	93½	93½
Penns	46½	46½
Bea Meadow	54½	54½
North Penns	11½	11½

	Bid.	Asked.
Phil Ger & Nor	61	64½
Reading	35¾	35½
Minehill	63	64
Har & Lan	54	—
Chester Val	43	45
Tioga	10	—
" preferred	25	—
P W & Balt	29½	29½
Long Island	11½	12
Wilmport & Elmira	19	20
Cattawissa	11	11½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	13	14
" preferred	22½	23½
Lehigh Nav	50½	51
Morris consolidated	52	52½
" preferred	83	84
C & Del	69	70
Union	10	10½
Sus & Tidewater	7	8
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	132	133
Penna	113	113½
Phila	123	123½
Far & Mec	104	105
Commercial	51½	52½
N Liberty	38	40
Mechanics	28½	28½
Southwark	80	82
P Township	104	107
Kensington	68	70
Girard	113	114
Western	67	67½
Man & Mech	20	—
Commerce	66	68
Tradesmen's	65	—
City	99½	99½
Consolidation	27½	28½
Pittsburg	87	—
M & M Pitts	60	—
Ex'ge Pitts	87	—
Kentucky	110	112
Northern, Ky	118½	120
Louisville, Ky.	112	115½
Farmers, Ky.	108	110
Union, Nash Tenn	101	105
Plant's, Tenn.	101	105
Com & R Vick	74	74
N O Gas Lt	125	127

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been very little change to notice in the Flour market since our last report. The receipts and stocks continue light, but quite sufficient for the demand, as there is little or no export inquiry, except fresh ground lots or old stock; prices continue to favor buyers. The sales comprise 1000 bbls stock and recently ground Western and Pennsylvania at $5,25@5,75 ₱ bbl; 2000 bbls fresh ground from new wheat at $5,50; 500 bbls Southern at $5,75; 1500 bbls Brandywine do at $6; 300 bbls extra at $5,50@7,75, and 200 bbls Middlings at $4,50@5. The sales in trade have been limited within the range of $5,25@5,50 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour has declined 12½ ₱ bbl. Sales at $4,62½. Corn Meal has been in better demand and 1000 bbls Pennsylvania sold at $4.

GRAIN—The supplies of new Wheat since our last report have been moderate, but the demand for it is limited, and prices have again declined. Sales of 35,000 bus, chiefly Southern, at $1,80@1,75 ₱ bus for good and prime red, and $1,70@1,80 for white, including some inferior and good old Pennsylvania red at $1,80@1,82, and some fine choice Pennsylvania at $1,70 for red, and $1,80@1,85 for white. Some lots of new Rye have come in, and been disposed of at 85@86. Corn has been in fair request, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 28,000 bus yellow at 81@82 in store, and 82@83 afloat—chiefly at our highest figure. Oats of the new crop have been coming forward more freely, and prices are unsettled. Sales of 7,000 bus Maryland and Delaware at 44@45 for new, 46 for heavy, and all old crop.

PROVISIONS—There has been rather more doing, but the supplies are too much reduced to admit of any extensive transactions. The stock of Pork is comparatively small, and holders have advanced their prices 25c ₱ bbl. Small sales of Mess at $15,6 days; 200 bbls Prime Mess at $22,50, and Prime at $20. City packed Mess Beef sells slowly within the range of $13@13,50 ₱ bbl, cash. Bacon—The sales have been quiet, but prices are 1c higher. Small sales of Hams at 10@10½; Shoulders at 8@8½; Sides at 9@11½; and Shoulders at 12½c ₱ lb, 60 days—now held higher. Of Green Salted Meats there is very little stock here to operate in. Sales of 100 casks Hams at 12½@13; Sides at 12½ and Shoulders at 10@11c ₱ lb, on time. There is little or none coming forward from the West. Lard is held firmly, and there is but little offering. The demand, however, is limited. Small sales of bbls at 13½@13½, some in tes at 13½c, and kegs at 13½@14c, on time. Butter is selling at 12c ₱ lb. Cheese is unchanged.

BARK—There has been a good demand for Quercitron Bark, but the absence of supplies continues to materially restrict operations. Sales of 60 hhds No 1 at $31@32 ₱ ton, which is an advance of $1, and some at a higher figure. A cargo of Spanish Oak brought $17 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX—Has advanced, and further sales of good Yellow have been made at 20@21c ₱ lb cash.

BONE—There is little or no Wholesome here, and no sales have transpired.

CANDLES—No change in Tallow. About two boxes City Manufactured Adamantine sold in lots at 22@22c ₱ lb 6 mos, part for another market. Sperm are dull.

COAL—Prices remain without essential change. The trade is rather depressed—the demand for the supply of the Eastern market being less animated than usual at this season of the year, and the receipts at Richmond and Bristol, as well as the shipment from those places, have been quite moderate. Bituminous Coal is dull. One cargo sold at the ₱ bush.

COFFEE—The stock has been augmented by the arrival of another cargo of Rio, at the close of our last notice.—The demand has been limited, but holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 1700 bags Rio at 11¼@12c; 750 mats Java at 16@17c; some Laguayra at 14½c ₱ lb on time.

COPPER—English Sheathing continues dull at 29c ₱ lb 6 mos. Sales of 2000 sheets American Yellow Metal at 22c on time.

COTTON—The foreign advices by the Clyde note an advance as marked in Liverpool, but they have had no effect here. The demand has been quite active, the stock light in supplies and a reduced stock, some holders are firm in the improvement noticed at the close of our last report, while others are looking for a further advance. Sales of 1200 bales at 14½@15c ₱ lb on time, for low grades and middling fair Uplands, and 15½@17c for Gulf.

DRUGS AND DYES—But little doing. Among the sales were some Gum Arabic sold at 50c; Tartaric Acid at 45c; 50 tons Manganese Pyrites terms; Oil of Rose at $4,50@5,75; Oil of Lemon at $2,25, and Soda Ash at 3½c ₱ lb, 6 months.

FEATHERS—Continue to meet a very limited inquiry, and the sales are only in small lots at 55@56c ₱ lb.

FISH—The receipts of Mackerel have been trifling, and the transactions are confined to small sales from store at $17@18 ₱ bbl for large No 1's; $15 for medium do; $13,50@14 for No 2's, and $8,50@9,50 for small and large No 3's; the latter are plenty and dull. The sales of Codfish and Herring are limited at our former quotations.

FRUIT—But little doing. Some further sales of Palermo Oranges have been made at $1 to $3 ₱ box, and Lemons from 75c to $2,25 in quality. Raisins are very scarce. A lot of Carolina Pea Nuts sold at $1 ₱ bus, and 300 bus Virginia at 75c. In Dried Fruit nothing doing. Green Apples are abundant and selling freely at 50c ₱ bbl.

GINSENG—is not inquired after, and prices are nominal both for Crude and Clarified.

GUANO—is steady at $35@36 ₱ ton, cash, for Peruvian, and $26@28 for Pacific Ocean, but there is very little demand for it.

HEMP—There is very little offering, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—The stock is about exhausted, and the tendency of prices is upward.

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HOPS—The demand has been limited, and the sales only to a small way at 30@32c ₱ lb for first sort Eastern and Western.

INDIGO—Has been in better request, and several lots of Bengal sold at $1,30@1,45, and Kurpah at $1,25 ₱ lb, 6 months.

IRON—The market continues exceedingly quiet, and the sales of Pig Metal have been only in small lots, within the range of our last quotations. 500 tons No 2 sold on the Susquehanna at $24, 6 mos, to go West. Blooms are getting scarce. A small lot of Charcoal Billets sold at $35, 6 mos. No sales of Scotch Pig. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron are unchanged.

LEAD—There has been more enquiry, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 100 pigs Virginia at $6,3/4, on time, interest added; 1500 pigs Spanish, on terms kept secret, and 250 tons foreign in a neighboring market at $6,25,44, cash.

LEATHER—There has been a steady demand for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and prices are well maintained.

LUMBER—The receipts have been moderate, and the transactions have been to a fair extent. Among them were 3 m no Cuba Laths at $1,25 ₱ M, and Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $10@13 ₱ M feet.

MOLASSES—Prices continue about nominal for all descriptions, and there has been little or nothing doing for some time past.

NAVAL STORES—Continue very quiet, partly owing to the absence of supplies. Small sales of Common Rosin at $1,85 ₱ bbl, and Soap from $2 to 4 as in quality. Prices of Tar and Pitch are as last quoted. Spirits of Turpentine—The demand has been limited, and prices are unchanged; small sales at 47a48c, c

CHASING CHARLEY.

There is a time for exact study, and sharp examination, and all that; but it is not in summer vacations, of which I am speaking, when a man is looking at nature for no other purpose than rich, ripe enjoyment.

Yet, amid this tranquil, dreaming, gazing life one cannot always be quite as serene as they would. For example, this morning, while the dew was yet on the grass, word came that "Charley had got away." Now, Charley is a most important member of the family, and as shrewd a horse as ever need be. Lately he had found out the difference between being harnessed by a boy and a man. Accordingly, on several occasions, as soon as the halter dropped from his head, and before the bridle could take its place, he proceeded to back boldly out of the stable, in spite of the stout boy pulling with all his might at his mane and ears. This particular morning, we were to put a passenger friend on board the cars at 8.10—it was now 7.30. Out popped Charley from his stall like a cork from a bottle, and lo! some fifty acres there were in which to exercise his legs and ours, to say nothing of temper and ingenuity. First, the lady, with a measure of it oats, attempted to do the thing by bribing him genteelly. Not he! He had no objection to the oats, none to the hand, until it came near his head, then off he sprang. After one or two trials we dropped the oats and went at it in good earnest—called all the boys, headed him off this way, ran him out of the growing oats, drove him into the upper lot and out of again. We got him into a corner, with great pains, and he got himself out of it without the least trouble. He would dash through a line of six or eight whooping boys, with as little resistance as if they had been so many mosquitoes! Down he ran to the lower side of the lot, and down we all walked after him. Up he run to the upper end of the lot, and up we all walked after him—too tired to run. Oh, it was glorious fun! The sun was hot. The cars were coming, and we had two miles to ride to the depot! He *did* enjoy it, and we did *not*. We resorted to expedients—opened wide the great gate of the barn-yard, and essayed to drive him in, and we did it too, almost; for he ran close up to it—and just sailed past, with a laugh as plain over his face as ever horse had! Man is vastly superior to a horse in many respects. But running, on a hot summer day, in a twenty acre lot, is not one of them! We got him by the brook, and while he drank, oh, how leisurely, we started up, and succeeded in just missing our grab at his mane! Now comes another splendid run. His head was up, his eye flashing, his tail streamed out like a banner, and glancing his head this way and that, right and left, he allowed us to come on to the brush corner; from whence, in a few moments, he allowed us to emerge, and come afoot after him, down to the barn again. But luck will not hold forever, even with horses. He dashed down a lane—and we had him! But as soon as he saw the gate closed, and perceived the state of the case, how charmingly he behaved.—allowed us to come up and bridle him without a movement of resistance, and affirmed by his whole conduct that it was the merest sport in the world, all this seeming disobedience; and to him, we have no doubt, it was! We had but seventeen minutes before car time. But we made the best use of it that we could.

The very best method of catching a nimble and roguish horse, in a twenty or fifty acre lot, is not to let him get away from you! As to the tranquil and leisurely method of examining nature, we shall defer farther remarks until we are cool.—*H. W. Beecher, in Independent.*

CIVILITY IS A FORTUNE.—Civility is a fortune itself, for a courteous man always succeeds well in life, and that even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one cotemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and, by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favor by his Grace, than to receive one from other men. The gracious manner of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at a time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of the country is full of such examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we but recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. On being introduced to a stranger, his affability, or the reverse, creates instantaneously a prejudice against him. To men, civility is, in fact, what beauty is to a woman; it is a general passport to favor, a letter of recommendation written in language that every stranger understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, as the greatest scoundrels have frequently succeeded by their plausible manners. Of two men, equal in other respects, the courteous one has twice the chance for fortune.

SNAKES.—Plutarch tells, in a matter-of-fact sort of way, that when Cato the Younger led his army into Egypt, he took in his train some of the people called Psylli, to charm away the ferocity of the snake and cure their bites. Unfortunately their secret (as well as that of the Orphiogenes, who cured by touching the wound,) has been lost. In its place, the police commissioner of Bombay has been compelled to resort to the only kind of charm which in no age of the world ever lost its potency. He reports that more deaths are occasioned by snake bites than by tigers, and the local government have adopted his suggestion to offer rewards for the destruction of the reptiles. It results that three hundred a day are now being killed, and the hunters "shuffle off the mortal coil" at the inspector's door, and receive their eight annas for every ordinary snake, and twelve for every cobra. The bulk of those hitherto destroyed has consisted of the fooras, or whip snake, the most ugly and venomous of the whole species.

☞ A friend of ours who dined with the Punch writers in London, last summer, said they were the most melancholy set of men he encountered in England.

☞ Which can smell a rat the quickest—the man who knows the most, or the man who has the most nose?

EXTRACTS FROM AN OLD BIBLE.

The following extracts are from an old Bible, possessed by a gentleman in Cincinnati.

"Then the eies of them both were opened, and they knew they were naked; and they sewed figge tree leaves together, and they made themselves *breeches*."—Gen. 3: 7.

This word at that time seems to have been either foreign or classic, as the marginal notes help the reader with an explanation of the Hebrew.

The name of our great maternal progenitor is written Heuah, (Hevah,) and her sons Kain and Habel, the first of whom afterwards declares that he shall be "a vagabond and a runagate in the earth." This chapter closes: "Thus he cast out man; and at the east side of the garden of Eden Heo set the cherubims, and the blade of a sword shaken, to keep the way of the tree of life."

The orthography of Heuah, Habel, Henock, Izhak, and Ebrew, may in some degree palliate the present English style of speaking, having its origin in veneration for ancient usages and sacred associations.

A few quotations may not be uninteresting:

"Then it repented the Lorde that He had made man in the earth, and He was sorie in His heart."—Gen. 6: 6.

"Make thee an arke of pine tree; thou shalt make cabins in the arke, and shall pitch it within and without with pitch. Thou shalt make it with the lower second and third roome."—Gen. 6: 14, 16.

"And He said, Hagar, Sarai's maide, whence comest thou, & whither wilt thou go? and she said, I flee from my dame Sarai."—Gen. 16: 8.

"When Abram was ninetie yeare old & nine, the Lord appeared to Abram, and said to him, I am God all sufficient, walke before Me, and be thou upright."—Gen. 17: 1.

"Then Abraham rose up from the sight of his crops, and talked with the Hittites, saying, I am a stranger and foreigner among you," &c. —Gen. 23: 3, 4.

"Then Abraham yielded the spirit, and died in a good age, an olde man, and of great yeeres, and was gathered to his people."—Gen. 25: 8.

"As many were astonished at thee (his visage was so deformed of men, and his forme of the sonnes of men,) so shall he spunkle many nations."—Is. 3: 14. This chapter has but fourteen verses in it.

"Can the blacke Moore change his skinne? or the leopard his spots?"—Jer. 13: 23.

"And after those days we trussed up our fardles, and went up to Jerusalem."—Acts 21: 15.

"But Jesus sayde unto her, Let the children first bee fed; for it is not good to take the children's bread, and cast it unto whelpes. Then shee answered, and sayed unto Him, truthe, Lord; yet in deede the whelpes eat under the table of the children's crummes."—Mark 7: 27, 28.

SPLENDID WORD-PAINTING.—What could be more vividly pictorial than Ruskin's magnificent description of a sea-wave:

"If one could but introduce the image of a true sea-wave, one massive fathom's height and rood's breadth of brine, passing by but once, dividing, Red Sea-like, on right hand and left, setting close before our eyes for once, in inevitable truth, what a sea-wave really is: its green mountainous giddiness of wrath; its *overwhelming crest, heavy as iron, fitful as flame, clashing against the sky in long cloven edge*; its furrowed flanks all ghastly clear, deep in transparent death, but all laced across with lurid nets of spume, and tearing open into meshed interstices *their churned veil of silver fury, showing still the calm abyss below, that has no fury and no voice, but is as a grave always open, which the green sighing mounds do but hide for an instant as they pass!*"

☞ It was said of Mirabeau that he was a demagogue at the foot of the tribune, but an honest man in it. And Lord Bacon, with philosophic justice, has said,—"As in nature things move violently *to* their place, and calmly *in* their place, so virtue in *ambition* is violent, in *authority* settled and calm."

Bet yesterday, in pensive mood,
I sang a strain of sorrow,
And pressed the dear maid to my heart,
Not thinking of the morrow.

But now I stand with folded hands;
My eyes are blind with weeping;
I cannot see her sweet, fair face,
She lies a-cold and sleeping!

—*R. A. Oakes.*

☞ Labor and suffering, in some of their forms, seem both essential.

☞ Scholars are men of peace; they bear no arms, but their tongues are sharper than Actius's razor, their pens carry further, and give a louder report than thunder. I had rather stand in the shock of a basilisk than in the fury of a merciless pen.—*Sir T. Brown.*

☞ Persons doing business in large cities should have their residence a short distance out of them, where, in the quiet and retirement of a rural home, they can review the events of each busy day, and link the life contemplative to the life practical.

INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

And, plant a poet's word even, deep enough
In any man's breast, looking presently
For offshoots, you have done more for the man
Than if you dressed him in a broadcloth coat,
And warmed his Sunday pottage at your fire.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

☞ There is no goddess like fashion. She is a true creator. What is despised to-day she can exalt to-morrow to the very pinnacle of honor.

☞ The crowds that turned out on the 13th and 23rd of June with fear and trembling to watch the movements of the heavenly bodies, and to await the shock of the earth, are called the *posse comet-atus*.

☞ "Where a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has once married with a congealing heart, and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

☞ Trade being quite dull with a shopkeeper in one of the provincial towns of France, he placed in his window the following placard:—"The proprietor of this store desires to marry a young lady or a young widow." The rush was immense.

BOARD OF HEATH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 301—Adults 87, and children 214.

NEWS ITEMS.

HOW TO RESUSCITATE PERSONS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—Mr. E. Merriam says that persons struck by lightning should not be given up as dead for at least three hours. During the first two hours they should be drenched freely with cold water, and if this fails to produce restoration, then add salt, and continue the drenching for another hour.

AN HONEST MAN.—A man writes the following letter to the keeper of the Railroad Eating House at Hornellsville, New York. It explains itself while it staggers all one's preconceived ideas of travelling morality:

BOSTON, July 17, 1857.

Dear Sir—I judge by my purse that I must have paid you for my supper at Hornellsville, on Wednesday night with a bogus half dollar. At any rate I had such a piece, and now I have it not. Enclosed are postage stamps to the amount of 50 cents. If I am mistaken, let some poor hungry soul have a meal without charge some time when they happen along, as doubtless they often do.

Respectfully yours, S. D. T.

CAN'T SLEEP.—The Thibodeaux (La.) Minerva, of the 4th inst., says:—"People here obtain complain much from want of sleep, caused by the rapid growth of the cane and corn crops, keeping up such a noise and confusion as to render the closing of the eyes the next thing to an impossibility. The health of the country is distressing—to doctors."

SOUTHERN ELECTIONS.—The elections in the Southern States have resulted in sweeping victories of the Democratic party. In Kentucky they have elected a State Treasurer, eight of the ten members of Congress, and a majority of the Legislature. The latter secures the election of a Democrat to the U. S. Senate, to succeed the Hon. John R. Thompson, Whig. In Alabama the Democratic candidate for Governor has been elected without opposition, and all their candidates for Congress. The same party has carried five out of the eight members in North Carolina. Returns of the Texas election indicate that Runnels, Dem., has been chosen Governor over Houston, American, by 12,000 majority, and that no opposition candidates have been elected to the Legislature as far as heard from.

MISSOURI ELECTIONS.—Returns from thirty-eight counties in Missouri, of the vote for Governor, give Rollins, American, a majority of 4,178. In the Third District, Clarke, Dem., is elected to fill the vacancy in the Congressional Delegation occasioned by the election of the Hon. James S. Green, Dem., to the United States Senate.

THE Indians in Utah, according to a report of the agent for that territory, Garland Hunt, dated June 30th, are living quietly and harmoniously, owing to the efforts made to establish them in suitable reservations, and to introduce a system of agriculture.—They have to cultivation about seven hundred acres.

THE LATEST INCIDENT IN THE BURDELL CASE.—Mrs. Cunningham, who figured in the Burdell murder case, has been arrested in New York city, on a charge of felony, connected with the fictitious birth of an heir to the Burdell estate. The contemplated fraud was made known to the District Attorney by her medical adviser, and measures were adopted to detect and expose her design. Under the counsel of the officer mentioned, the doctor feigned compliance with Mrs. Cunningham's plan, and pretended to have found a "California widow," who, being about to become a mother, desired to dispose of her child. Mrs. Cunningham eagerly seized upon this, and undertook to get it. The doctor borrowed a child from the Bellevue Hospital, and it was sent to the house in Bond street, where the denouement took place on Monday the 3rd inst., at noon. There Mrs. Cunningham received it with motherly affection, in the presence of a nurse and her former physician, Dr. Catlin. In the midst of the proceedings the police marched in and arrested all the parties. Dr. Catlin and the nurse were taken to the police station-house; but Mrs. Cunningham, still feigning to be ill from her accouchement, was allowed to remain in her chamber under the surveillance of the police. At latest accounts, Mrs Cunningham has persisted in acting out the fraud, still declaring the borrowed child to be hers, and keeping her chamber, *though Dr. Catlin, her accomplice, has turned states-evidence*, and has assisted to expose her nefarious conduct. Under the advice of her counsel, she refuses to allow an examination for the purpose of ascertaining still more positively whether she has given birth to a child. The attempt at this imposition fixes her character beyond a doubt. It is altogether the most audacious fraud ever attempted to be carried out in this country, and proves its author to be a terrible woman.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—The following very curious letter from the King of Calabar in answer to a British merchant who had written to know whether any of his people would engage themselves as free laborers, was read by Lord Brougham in the House of Peers on Friday night:—"Old Calabar, June 5, 1850. Dear Sir,—I received your kind letter by the magistrate, through Captain Tudd, and by your wish I now write you to say, we be glad for supply you with slaves. I hav spoken with King Archibury, and all Calabar gentleman, and he very glad to do the sam. Regard to free emigration we man no will go for himself. We shall buy them at sam we do that time slave trade bin. We be very glad for them man to come back again to Calabar; but I fear that time they go for West Indies he no will com back her. We have all agreed to charges four boxes of brass and copper rod for man, woman, and children, but shall not be able to supply the quantity you mention. I think we shall be able to get 400 or 500 for one vessel, and be able to load her in three or four months, for we cannot get them all ready to wait for the ship. She will have to com and tak them on board as they com. We have no place on shore to keep them. The ship will have to pay convey to me and Archibury, but no other gentlemen—say, 10,000 copper for each town in cloth or any other article of trad. I shall be very glad if the term I mention will suit you, for we shall not be able to do it at a less price, and man to be paid for with rods. I shall be very glad when you write me again to mak arrangements with your captain what tim the ship must come. Hoping you are quite well, believe me to be, my dear Sir, your humble servant,—ETO HONEBY KING."

GENERAL JACKSON'S GOLD BOX.—General Jackson, by his last will and testament, bequeathed a gold snuff box, which had been presented to him by the corporation of New York, to whoever should be found to be most valiant in this country's battles. The prize has been awarded to Major Garret Dickman, of New York, for services rendered in the Mexican war. Major Dickman, notwithstanding his services, has been hitherto obscure and unknown. Of all the New York volunteers who served in the Mexican war, the one who figured most largely in the newspapers was Captain Mayne Reid, our well known author, a young Irishman, whose feats at Churubusco or Chapultepec, were reported at that time. It seems that here was another hero, whose valor was certainly equal to Reid's, but who has never before been heard of.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT IN THE GRAPE AND WINE CULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Commissioner of Patents has set apart a portion of the funds last appropriated by Congress for agricultural purposes, for obtaining cuttings of all the native wild grape vines of the United States, to be placed in the hands of practical cultivators, with a view of testing their adaptation to the soil and climate of the other sections of the Union, and determining their value for table use and for making wine. Major H. C. Williams, of Fairfax County, Virginia, has been chosen to select the cuttings of the vines of Arkansas and Texas, and of the neighboring Territories, and obtain certain information connected with their growth and locality, which are to be employed in carrying out said experiment.

AUGUST.

Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws, refreshful round, a rural smell;
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labor, love and social glee.

—*Thompson's Seasons—Summer.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
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JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.—*(Scene that occurred between an Artist and a Coal Man.)*—As one of our citizens sallied forth the other morning, to the delightful sound of "Char-coal! Char-coal!" he asked the price per basket.

"Fifty cents," was the answer.

"I'll take a basket, if you'll give good measure."

"Certainly, always," was the response.

The coalman began shovelling and pouring in very lightly, as usual, until the basket being nearly full, the purchaser perceiving how lightly and carefully he managed to fill it, says to him—

"I would like to give you a fourpence to give the basket a good kick."

"Agreed," says the coalman.

He gave it a kick, and settled it down to about half or three-quarters of a basket. The coalman did not open his mouth, but stood a moment, and looked amazed into the basket. He took up the basket, coolly emptied its contents into his wagon, and then commenced filling it again as lightly as before. When it was about three-quarters full he asked his customer if he wouldn't like to kick it again for another fourpence? He received an affirmative reply.

"Agreed," says the coalman.

The money was paid over, and the purchaser, becoming impatient, did *kick* to some purpose; for the basket went tumbling over the way into the gutter, bottom side up, the coal well scattered both in road and gutter. The coalman said not a word at first, but stooped over and commenced picking up the largest pieces of his coal; at last, looking up, with a twitch of his eye, he said—

"*Egad, you've got me this time!*"

The purchaser left the coalman to his own cogitations and went into the house.—*Hartford Courant.*

DIARRHŒA.—It may be well for persons travelling during the summer to know, that in case a physician is not at hand, a safe remedy, of considerable efficacy, is found in stirring a little wheat flour in a glass of cold water until it is of the consistency of thick cream, drink it down, and repeat it several times in the course of the day, if needed. Meanwhile, eat nothing, drink nothing, and lie down if practicable. The flour may act mechanically, not medicinally, by plugging up the relaxed mouths through which the watery particles are poured into the intestinal canal.

Here, diarrhœas are often the result of the greater coolness of morning and evening over mid-day, and the injurious effects of bad air on an empty stomach—hence, one of the most important rules for travellers, in all seasons, climes, countries, is *never fail to breakfast before you ride.*—*Hall's Journal.*

LANGUAGE AND WORDS.—It is estimated that there are 587 languages and general dialects in Europe, 937 in Asia, 236 in Africa, and 1,261 in America; in all, nearly 3,000.

FASHION.—A whimsical reporter, in writing concerning the present mode of dress, says:—"Fashion is an arbitrary divinity, and should be gradually abolished. For our part, we could go back to the good old days of stone hatchets and sheepskin breeches without a single sigh of reluctance." It is very evident that the reporter in question never wore garments made at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut street, above Sixth, Philada'phia, or he would not have so contemptible an opinion of fashion.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY.
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

J. M. HULSHIZER, Doylestown, Penna., June 20, 1856, says:—"My wife has been afflicted with a nervous debility since September, 1851, since which time I have been unable to find any physician or medicine that would benefit her in the least, until one day I called at the store of Dr. Harvey, of this town, for some tincture of iron, and described to him the afflictions of my wife, he then handed me a lot of papers to read, among which I found one describing your German Bitters. I immediately procured a few bottles from him, and am pleased to state that the use of the Bitters has done her more good than all the medicine she has heretofore taken. I wish you to send me a half dozen bottles."

Sold by all Druggists and dealers in Medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

CAUTION.—Coughs, Colds, and Affections of the Lungs prevail amongst our people to an extent wholly unknown in Europe, and, if neglected, often assumes a dangerous form. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is the remedy in such cases.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov22-tf

---

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, No. 59 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31 instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. THOMAS R. WARBURTON, of England, to Miss ADELIA SWEETER, of this city.

On the 28th of July, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOSEPH WHITTILL, to Miss MARY MENCELL, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. F. C. Pearson, Mr. CHARLES OLDHAM, to Miss MARY SCOFIELD, both of Upper Darby, Del. county.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Mr. GEORGE KELLY, to Miss SARAH A. BRUCE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Daniel Gaston, Mr. HENRY C. CHAPER, to Miss BETSY FINNEY, both of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ultimo, at Rising Sun, by the Rev. Samuel Irwin, Mr. ALBERT SNYDER, to Miss AMANDA Y. THORNTON, all of Port Richmond, Philada.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. William O. Johnstone, Mr. GEORGE HAYDEN, to Miss MARGARET O'CONNELL.

On the 9th of Feb. by the Rev. A. A. Willits, Mr. CHARLES R. MOORE, Jr. to MARY R. daughter of Mr. R. H. Hancock, Esq. all of Philadelphia.

On the 9th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. GEORGE SMITH, to Miss REBECCA BURNSIDES, both of this city.

At St. Louis, on the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. F. Picker, JOHN BERNARD, Esq. of St. Louis, to Miss KATE DUFFON, of Philadelphia.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. FERDINAND MEYERS, to Miss SUSANNAH BAILEY, all of Philadelphia.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. DAVID K. GRIM, to Miss EMMA, daughter of Conrad Knipe, Esq. both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by responsible names.

On the 4th instant, SUSAN, wife of the late Geo. Wilson, aged 77 years.
On the 4th instant, Mrs. MARY A. SULZER, aged 68.
On the 3d instant, Dr. CASPER SCHAEFFER, aged 74.
On the 4th instant, Mrs. S. C. VAN REIL.
On the 4th instant, REBECCA C. YEAR, aged 67 years.
On the 4th instant, SARAH, wife of Julius J. Blanchart, aged 27 years and 2 months.
On the 4th instant, ISAAC NOBLE, Jr. aged 25 years.
On the 4th instant, JAMES BARNES, aged 50 years.
On the 3d instant, Miss REULAH HEADY.
On the 2d instant, Mr. THOMAS LLOYD, aged 62.
On the 2d instant, Mrs. ANNA M. KERR, aged 44 years.
On the 2d instant, RACHEL W. daughter of Geo. and Sybella Roberts, aged 22 years.
On the 2d ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET, wife of Gerald Irene, aged 41 years.
On the 1st instant, Miss JANE ANDERSON, aged 22 years.
On the 1st instant, Mrs. ANNA L. wife of Jas. G. Dorlon, aged 41 years.
On the 1st instant, B. F. GASKILL, aged 26 years.
On the 1st instant, Mr. MATTHIAS LAWSON, aged 63.
On the 1st instant, GEORGE W. FISHER, aged 22 years.
On the 1st instant, JOSEPH JENKINS, aged 43 years.
On the 31st ultimo, EDWARD WATERMAN.
On the 1st instant, Mrs. MARY, wife of the Rev. H. M. Whitesides.
On the 31st ultimo, WILLIAM MCLAUGHLIN, aged 23.
On the 1st instant, REBECCA, wife of John Allbright, aged 68 years.
On the 1st instant, RACHAEL FORDER, aged 63 years.
On the 1st instant, at Germantown, JOHN ZENNER, aged 73 years.
On the 2d instant, LYDIA MOORE, aged 77 years.

2,500 MORE BOOK AGENTS WANTED, to circulate RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, which attract by their *low prices, interesting contents* and *Superbly Colored Plates*. For full particulars apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau St., New York, if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh15-tf

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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 29 South Third Street.
PHILADELPHIA, August 8, 1857.

Pennsylvania.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Relief notes ¼ dis
Lancaster bk 50 dis
Erie City bk 35 dis
Bk of Newcastle 35 dis
New Jersey.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Morris bk Bridgeton 20 dis
W'Real Glower's bk
Newton 30 dis
Commercial Bk,
Perth Amboy, failed
Delaware.
Solvent bks par
Under S's ¼ dis
Maryland.
Valley bk Hagerstown no sale
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Far & Mec bk Kent co 1 dis
District of Columbia.
Exchange bk 30 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis
New York.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
Bk Aveda bk ½ dis
Knickerbocker bk ½ dis
Far bk Onondaga 25 dis
Mar & Isl bk Oswego 30 dis
Ex bk Buffalo 30 dis
Empire City bk ½ dis
Centre bk ½ dis
Champlain bk no sale
Maine.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Bk of Hallowell 20 dis
Ellsworth bk 60 dis
Maritime bk Bangor 15 dis
Canton bk South Canton no sale
Exchange bk 20 sale
Hancock bk 25 dis
New Hampshire.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Lancaster bk closed
Exeter bk failed
Vermont.
Solv bks ¼ dis
South Royalton bk no sale
Connecticut.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Massachusetts.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Rhode Island.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Bk Repub Providence 20 dis
Canada.
Solv bks ½ dis
Zimmerman no sale

Virginia.
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis
Bk of Kanawha 10 dis
Corp'n Alexandria 2 dis
North Carolina.
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis
Small notes 2 dis
Georgia.
Old bks ½ dis
New bks 2 to 5 dis
Bk Columbus no sale
Bk of Milledgville no sale
Man & Mech bk Columbus no sale
Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton no sale
South Carolina.
Solv bks ½ dis
Alabama.
Bk of Mobile ½ dis
Other solv bks 2 dis
Mississippi.
All bks uncertain
Louisiana.
Solv bks ½ dis
Ohio.
Solv bks 1 dis
Bk of Circleville 85 dis
Canal bk 8 dis
Kentucky.
Solv bks 1 dis
Indiana.
New solvent bks 2 dis
Solv bks 1 dis
Shawnee bk, Attica, no sale
Gramercy bk, Lafayette "
Other bks 5 to 80 dis
Illinois.
Peoples bk, Carmi, 20 dis
Rushville bk, Rushville, 20 dis
Solvent bks 20 dis
Brook Security bk 20 dis
Missouri.
Solv bks 1 dis
Tennessee.
Bk of East Tenn no sale
River Bank no sale
Solv bks 2 dis
Small notes 20 dis
Central bk no sale
New bks 2 to 5 dis
Michigan.
Solv bks 2 dis
Arkansas.
All bks no sale
Wisconsin.
Solv bks 2 dis
Texas.
Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston 5 dis

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☞ He has no other office either at Chicago, Buffalo, Pittsburg, or elsewhere. He is never absent from New York, and no physician elsewhere is authorized to use his name. aug15-13t

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COAL.—BEST LEHIGH via of the N. Pa. Railroad, viz.: BUCK MOUNTAIN, SPRING MOUNTAIN and SUGAR-LOAF; also, the BEST SCHUYLKILL, viz.: MAHONOY, HICKORY and SLACK HEATH. Yard 1413 Callowhill Street, house 221 North 13th St.
15 NATHAN SMITH.

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aug 8-3t*ow Cincinnati, Ohio.

ANY PERSON WISHING TO BUY, SELL, OR EXCHANGE A FARM, will save time and money by writing particulars and enclosing stamp to FARM AGENCY, Cincinnati, Ohio. aug8-6tow

PREMIUM STRAWBERRIES.—Descriptive Catalogue for 1857, comprising all the most varieties. Also, New Catalogues of Roses, and Bulbous, and other Flowering Plants will be sent to applicants.
1t WM. R. PRINCE & CO., Flushing, N. Y.

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july4-cowtf

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ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
nov29-tf 181 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

DR. W. S. McILHENNEY, DENTIST,

Successor to Dr. J. E. McILHENNEY,
Would inform his friends that he has removed to No. 909 WALNUT Street, first door above Ninth, south side.
je13-tf

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ARCH STREET, WEST OF 19th,
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225 Arch Street, Philadelphia,
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Wit and Humor.

NORTH CAROLINA WITNESSES.

It must be confessed they sometimes meet with rare specimens of human nature in some of the courts of North Carolina. Almost everybody remembers the celebrated "Cousin Sally Dillard" case—and here is one recently reported in the Asheville Spectator—not far behind it.

The writer gives it under the head of

LEGAL PROCEEDINGS.

Action for work and labor done in cutting ditch on defendant's land. Plea: Payment and set off in bacon and corn meal.

Plaintiff's son on the stand—recollects the ditching perfectly, but seems to forget all about the bacon.

"You say your daddy did all this ditching? Do you know what he got in pay for it?" inquired Col. C—— for defendant.

"He never got nothing, as ever I heard on, that's what he never got," answered the witness.

"Didn't your daddy get corn and bacon from defendant in pay for that ditching?"

"Never heard of his gettin' no corn or bacon."

"What did your daddy and his family live on last summer?"

"Victles, mostly."

"What sort of victuals?"

"Well, meat and bread, and some whiskey."

"Where did he get that meat and bread?"

"Well, fust from one and fust from the other."

"Didn't he get some of it from defendant?"

"He mought."

"I know he mought, but did he? that's the question."

"Well, he mought, and then agin you know he moughn't."

(With considerable excitement and in tones of thunder.) "Answer the question, sir, and no more of this trifling with your oath. Did your daddy, or did he not, get corn and bacon from the defendant for ditching?"

"Well, now he mought; it don't occur adzactly, you know."

Here his honor interferes, and with a stern, judicial frown, addresses the witness thus:

"Witness, you must answer the question, or the court will be compelled to deal with you. Can't you say yes or no?"

"I reckins."

"Well, then, answer, yes or no. Did or did not your daddy get corn and bacon from the defendant at the time referred to?" inquired the court.

(Now fully aroused and conscious of his danger.) "Well, Judge, I can't adzactly remember, you know, seein' as how it's all dun, dun gone and eat up; but," (planting himself firmly as one determined to out with it,) "to the best of my reckerlection, if my memory serves me right, he mought, and then agin he moughn't."

The plaintiff saved his bacon. Verdict accordingly.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LAST.—"People may say as much as they please about the excellence of the schools," said Mrs. Partington, very terribly, "but for my part, I think they are no better than they ought to be. Why, do you know," continued she, in a big whisper, "that Isaac's teacher has actually been giving them instruction in vulgar fractions." She took off her spectacles and rubbed the glasses, in her excitement putting them on bottom side up. The charge, we admitted, was a just one. "Yes," continued she, brightening up for a new charge, like a slate beneath the action of a wet sponge, "yes, and see what other things they learn, about moods, and pretences, and all sorts of nonsenses. Gracious knows we learn moods enough without going to school, and as for pretences we find enough of them outside. There are too many pretenders in the schools mal out of 'em, without trying to make any more." She was provoked because Ike didn't get the medal for his splendid composition on the "American Eagle," which, by the way we have not published yet.—*Boston Gazette.*

FASHIONABLE CALL AND THE IDEAS EXCHANGED.—"How do you do, my dear?"

"Putty well, thank you."

They kiss.

"How have you been this age?"

"Putty well. How have you been?"

"Very well, thank you."

"Pleasant to-day."

"Yes—very bright; but we had a shower yesterday."

"Are all your people well?"

"Quite well, thank you. How are yours?"

"Very well, I'm obliged to you."

"Have you seen Mary B—— lately?"

"No; but I've seen C——."

"You don't say so! Is she well?"

"Very well, I believe." [Rising.]

"*Must* you go?"

"Yes, indeed; I have seven calls to make."

"Do call again soon."

"Thank you; but you don't call on me once in an age."

"Oh, you should not say so. I'm sure I'm very good."

"Good-bye."

ANOTHER JUST LIKE HIM.—Sydney Smith said to a solemn Scotchman, speaking of another "serious" Scotchman, whom he had met a little time before at a London dinner-party:

"Why, sir, your friend seems incapable of appreciating humor; I doubt whether he would take a joke if you were to shoot it at him out of a cannon!"

"Why, sir," replied the other, "how could one shoot a joke out of a cannon? I never saw such a thing in all my life, as a joke being shot from a cannon!"

A GENIUS FOR QUESTIONING.—One night, some years ago, our door-bell rang violently several times in succession, and on going to it, we found a green Irish girl, who put to us the following question:

"Dar mee sistur live here?"

"What is your sister's name?" asked we.

"Ca-athrine," said she.

We said no, and shut the door.

In half an hour she came again, in like manner, and asked:

"Kood ye tell me ware she lives?"

CABBY.—"Let yer out? That's a good un! Not afore yer pays for breaking my springs!"

Agricultural.

SMALL FEET IN HORSES.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

I am not surprised at any one being struck aghast at the bare mention of small feet as regards the horse; for with them is associated the idea of contracted heels, with the frequent accompaniments to such feet—corns, thrushes, chronic lameness, internal inflammation, navicular disease, and a long category of ills that feet are heirs to.

But here let me observe that persons are apt to be too apprehensive of mere *small* feet, for let me remark they may be very *sound* ones, nor at all indicative of, or the result of, any of the diseases I have mentioned, or of others equally to be dreaded. The mule and the ass have both peculiarly-formed feet. A horse being mule-footed conveys at once the idea of what his feet are like, nor to those conversant with such matters does it convey any idea causing a decided rejection. The Arab has usually mule-like feet; yet I should be inclined to say the Arabs were particularly sound as to feet. I am the more emboldened to state such an opinion from the following circumstances.

Some years ago a friend of mine wrote to me requesting me to purchase a couple of race-horses to run in India. His letter ran thus: "You know as well as I can tell you the kind of horses to run with success chiefly against Arabs or horses bred here, where they run what your English racing ideas consider long distances, and that at high weight. All I tie you to is, they must have *feet of cast iron* to stand the ground we have to train on."

This, coming from a man accustomed to keep racehorses in England, I think, proves far more than any opinion of mine that Eastern horses, though owning small feet, must usually have sound ones; for I never heard that foot-lameness was prevalent with them.

Persons not judges of the matter may, perhaps, act judiciously in rejecting at once a horse with tendency to small feet; that is, if they intend to purchase on the somewhat precarious test of their own opinion and judgment. But the difference is so great between a small foot and a contracted one that I should consider a mere glance at either sufficient to satisfy the opinion of any man possessing any knowledge of the matter. Size has, in a general way, little to do with contracted feet; a horse may have a foot as big as a dinner-plate, and still have what we call a contracted foot; whereas, to further make use of the dinner-service figuratively, he may have a foot as small as a butter-boat (that is, supposing it to be the old-fashioned one of an oblong square,) and have no tendency to a contracted foot—in such case he would be mule-footed, but with the heels showing open and wide. It is but rarely we find a horse with his foot contracted altogether, for in such case some internal-chronic disease must have long existed that would have rendered the animal more or less lame. But contracted *heels* are a disease of daily occurrence, and these a horse may have though his foot may be large to unsightliness. Persons are apt to imagine that the lameness incident to contracted feet arises from the wall of the foot pressing upon the sensible portion inside it. This eventually may possibly be the case; but, supposing it to be so, it is the internal parts of the foot withering from some disease that causes the crust of the heels to follow. Let the internal foot retain all its juices, vitality, and consequent size, to support the heels and keep them expanded, the heels would of themselves have no tendency to contract. It is not, therefore, the heels that are the offending party, but the internal part of the unfortunate one.

Persons on seeing a horse with a narrow foot, whether contracted or not, are apt to set it down invariably as arising from the effects of bad shoeing. That it in very many cases arises from improper treatment of the feet is quite certain; but it is not the actual shoe we must blame for ill consequences, but the improper paring the foot in wrong places that produces the mischief when any arises. The shoe has little to do with the matter, that is, with narrow heels; for, be it remembered, the nails do not, or at least should not, come far back enough to confine the heels. It may be said: "But the nails confine the sides of the foot." This I admit they do; but a horse's foot is not made of strong wood like a box, so that, if the sides are nailed tight, the extreme ends are equally confined; but, if that box was made of wood thin enough to be yielding, though you nailed the sides a certain way as firmly as you wish, the ends would be capable of expansion to a certain point. So I conceive it to be with the foot of the horse. The wall or crust is, to a certain degree, of a yielding substance, so that, although we may confine the toe and ides by nailing, the heel has room enough to expand if it has a tendency to do so, or, at all events, to retain its natural width, while the internal part of the foot is able to support it, and is not weakened by injudicious use of the drawing knife, or, worse still, that of the buttress—a tool now nearly exploded from all but quite country shoeing-forges, where the practice is chiefly among cart-horses.

Having, I hope, from what I have said, in some degree rescued my friends the shoeing smiths from the indiscriminate blame thrown on them as accessories to every species of contracted feet, let us see if we cannot find some one or something more meriting our accusation. So long as men ride horses on made roads properly or improperly, or so long as they ride them in other situations, calling on them for exertion for which we have no reason to suppose nature ever intended them, so long will the animal be subject to disease unknown to him in a state of nature; among these, those incidental to the feet is one, and I think I may say the most prevalent. Internal diseases often do not lame perceptibly for a long time after their incipient existence. Horses will often become, to a certain degree, even absolutely lame, without its progress being detected, until it is, comparatively speaking, too late; in all probability internal fever in the foot has long existed, sapping and drying up its vitality till, in figurative comparison, it is like the withered kernel of the nut, with this difference: the nut is surrounded by a hard shell capable of retaining its original form without support from the inside, whereas the foot of the horse is not, and consequently follows the gradual diminution of the internal fabric.

Shoes have been made with a tendency to (as it were) force open or widen the heels; such shoes, if they fulfilled the promises made for them (which, with the weight of horse on them, I very much doubt) would be proper enough as an *adjunct*; but the use of them was beginning "at the wrong end of the stick." First endeavor to remove or palliate the cause of contraction of the feet, namely, internal fever and consequent disease; endeavor to restore vitality, and get, if possible, the wholesome juices of the foot to animate its dried and withered state; then, indeed, an expanding shoe, in addition to our other efforts, may be of some use. But it must be clear that, supposing we could force the crust and heels back to their original formation, unless we could so cure the disease as to give the internal sensible part of the foot a disposition or capability of expanding also, the forcing open the heels would incurably lame the horse. Various have been the inventions to cure the dire disease of contracted feet; various the tortures the animal has been put to with the same intent—all of which, in a general way, have lamentably failed.

I may have occasion again to touch on this complaint, and the modes employed to endeavor to remedy it; and in mentioning so far as I have its fatal effects, I have done so to show my readers that I am quite aware of the serious consequences of contracted feet, so am, perhaps, one of the last men to underrate anything bordering on such malady; and, knowing what I do of the disease, though I do not object to a naturally small foot, I have as great a horror as man can have of a contracted one.—*London Field.*

HEAVES IN HORSES CURED.

A friend informs us that his best horse (which by the way, as well as himself, we have long known,) was sold to him when but four years old, by a professed jockey who intended to cheat him. He found, after the purchase was made, what he had some fears of before, that as soon as he was placed upon dry food, that he had unmistakeable symptoms of the heaves—a rather unpromising symptom for a horse so young. He resolved, however, to cure him if possible, and accordingly fed him only on wet hay, and at the same time gave *dish-water* and other greasy slops to drink, which of course he would not touch till very thirsty. But he soon learned to like this mixture, till he consumed all the slops and sour milk from the kitchen, and now, at fourteen years of age, he will gulp down swill as readily as any pig. The heaves very soon disappeared under the treatment administered; but it was nearly three years before a radical cure was effected, or until there were no returning symptoms when he was fed on dry and dusty food. He proved a most valuable animal, and since that time for many years, accomplished about twice the amount of labor, that common good horses are able to perform.

A few years since the owner was visiting at a brother-in-law's, when a neighboring horse-dealer, seeing the animal, demanded the price—our friend unthinkingly answered, "a hundred and fifty dollars." The brother-in-law inquired, aside, with some surprise, "what, do you want to sell that horse so low—that man will certainly call on you, for he has a *match* for your horse." "Indeed! why I would not part with him for five hundred dollars!" "Yes, he will call on *me*, without failure, to know the character of the horse; what shall I say to him, and tell the truth?" "Say to him that I am a brother-in law of yours, on friendly terms, and that you would rather not say anything about the horse." The jockey called as expected—the proposed answer was made, and suspecting this was a proof some secret fault, the jockey was glad to give up his purchase.

This cure may have been owing to other causes than his peculiar drink, yet the experiment is one that is worthy of attention, and if oily or greasy substances mingled with the drink have any influence on the disease, the fact is worthy of testing by trial.—*Country Gentleman.*

UNDERDRAINING.

To talk of the benefits of draining during a *dry hot summer* may appear to some people as inapposite as to congratulate the inmate of an iron dwelling-house on his possession of a fire-escape. So prevalent is the belief that underdraining is useful solely for the purpose of letting out water from the soil, that comparatively few practical farmers look for any advantage except in a wet season; not that they are ignorant of other uses of drainage beside letting off surplus saturating water; no farmer worthy of the name, would wish to conduct rain-water off his land by surface-grips, or have recourse to underdraining simply to tap the soaking subterranean springs. We know better than to seek merely the drying of our fields; we eagerly catch the fertilizing rain, and filter it through our soil, and have even got as far as "*aration.*" It is clear that by sending down the rainfall through the soil in quick and unobstructed percolating streams, instead of suffering it to stagnate and saturate, and slowly find an escape by evaporation, and by passing away in a barren surface-outflow, a great number of successive charges of atmospheric air are introduced into the interstices; and this air contains fertilizing gases, and prepares inert mineral ingredients for the use of plants, beside operating mechanically in improving the texture of the soil. Every drop of water sinking through a crevice expels the used-up or spent air there present, and draws in after it another charge of fresh; very small quantities of water thus refilling the cracks and channels of the earth with large quantities of air—just as a small quantity of liquid flowing through a pipe, drives out the volume of air occupying the whole length of the pipe, and is followed by another volume equally as large.

But what action can the existence of underdrains create or facilitate, at periods when there is no water to penetrate and pass through the ground? Why, a soil that has been permeated with fissures and crevices by repeated wetting and drying, and the agency of currents of water and air consequent upon drainage, is actually *damper* in hot, dry, summer weather, than land which has not been made thus porous. Underdraining land not only dries, warms, and enriches it in wet weather, but also moistens it in time of drought.

The sun's rays, heating the surface of the earth, produce an upward current of air through the soil, just as certainly as the blazing chandelier of a theatre, rarifying the air in the roof, causes a current to ascend to it from the building below. Each crack or worm-hole in the ground acts as a chimney, only that the ascending "draught" is occasioned by a fire above instead of beneath. But air is also drawn upward in another way; the evaporation of moisture at the surface, and the absorption of it by the roots of a growing crop, suck up water from below by capillary attraction; and air follows the successive drops and tricklets of water up through the pores and tubes between the particles of earth. A sufficient number of clear, open under-drains thus provides a free circulation of air, and this will not only rise through the soil immediately above the drains, but will spread out on either side, as the upward current is produced at every point of the surface, and so draws the air from the drains laterally as well as vertically. Well, but will not this admission of warm summer air into the soil tend rather to dry it still further than to moisten it? No; atmospheric air always contains some invisible watery vapor, which will be condensed upon a body colder than the air itself. The surface of a tumbler of cold water is covered with dampness on a dry, hot day, owing to this condensation. Now, as the soil (excepting just at the surface) is always colder than the air on a warm day, the air passing into the drains and up through the soil, gives up its watery vapor to the cooler soil in the same way that it does to the cold glass. And so important is this aerial conveyance of moisture to supply crops during a drought, that a system of air-drainage, or the laying down of hollow drains in such a manner as to facilitate the introduction of air along their entire course, has been advocated and largely carried into execution by practical men.

Besides this actual subterranean watering of the ground by the agency of warm, humid air, of course there are other advantages found in dry weather from a well-drained soil. The ameliorated condition of the ground for several feet in depth, renders it more absorbent and retentive of moisture dropped by dews and acquired from the atmosphere. And again—as the roots of plants penetrate much deeper and spread wider in a deeper-drained, than in an imperfectly-drained soil, they are, as it were, out of the reach of drought, and from their greater extent obtain a larger amount of moisture and nutriment; so that in consequence of good drainage, our crops are in many ways supported and preserved through "dry times," and frequent recurrences of "hot Wednesdays."

Let the undrained, shallow-ploughing farmer watch with apprehension his backward mangolds, his scorching peas, and dried-up wheat; but those of us who have obtained a deeper acquaintance with the soil, and burrowed more profoundly into the resources of our planet, may welcome a fervid sun without dismay, and smile at the complaint of our thirsty neighbors, who have neglected to make a cistern of their soil and a spring of the atmosphere.—*Mark Lane (London) Express.*

DESTRUCTION OF VERMIN BY ANESTHETIC AGENTS.

M. Doyre has read a paper before the Paris Academy of Sciences, on the destruction of vermin by anesthetic agents, applied particularly to the ridding of wheat of insects. A Paris letter says that extensive experiments were made at Algiers, with the following results:—

"Experiments have been made at Algiers on the most extensive scale with these objects, especially to ascertain their effects on cereals. It was ascertained that two *grammes* of chloroform or sulfure of carbon per metrical quintal of wheat were sufficient to destroy in five days time all insects in wheat; with five *grammes* of sulfure of carbon per metrical quintal, the destruction takes place in twenty-four hours. The action of chloroform is slower in consequence of the density of its vapor, which impels it downwards and keeps it in the lower portion of the wheat. The action of sulfure of carbon or chloroform may be made so prompt as to be instantaneous, if larger proportions be employed. The mass of grain operated on, so far from being a difficulty, rather simplifies the operation. Experiments were made on 11,000 hectolitres of barley at once; 100 pounds of the sulfure of carbon were used, which required twenty minutes to introduce into the mass. These operations may be made successfully even when the heap of grain is simply covered with a water-proof cloth, which is closed with clay near the ground on every side. The anesthetic agents do not merely kill the insects, but they destroy the larvæ and the germs in the eggs, while the grain operated on retains all its germinating properties. The fetid odor of the sulfure of carbon is soon dissipated; and after they have been exposed two or three days to the air, and moved occasionally with a shovel, no trace of it remains. These grains, so treated, when ground and made into bread, cannot be distinguished from grain which has not been exposed to the influence of anesthetic agents. Animals ate the barley, while it was still fetid, with such an appetite and avidity as to indicate that the odor and the savor it retained were far from being disagreeable to them. M. Doyre states that the sulfure of carbon possesses no physiological action which survives its anesthetic influence; it is an energetic anesthetic, without any consecutive toxical effect. He believes, too, that the sulfure of carbon prevents grain from heating itself and fermenting in granaries. Of this point he promises to make further experiments."

SWINE.—Last winter I made some inquiries concerning a sow that had lost the use of her logs suddenly on being turned out on the ground, after having been kept in the pen for some time. This spring I have had two more affected in the same way, and others in the neighborhood are similarly affected. I have heard much said about the stoppage of the holes in the legs of hogs; having never read anything about it in works written on the hog, I thought probably it was not so necessary that these should be kept open as some supposed; but I now feel satisfied that the stoppages of these holes was the cause of my hogs becoming helpless, and that it is necessary to the health of the hog that these should be kept open and discharging.

On examining the fore-legs of a hog, several small holes may be seen on the inside of the hinder part of the knee: from these, in a healthy hog, exudes a moisture; whenever these are found to be closed and dry, the hog will not be in a healthy, thrifty state. I find it a good thing to take strong soapsuds and a corncob and rub the legs well. If any one can tell me the cause of the stoppage of this discharge, and a better remedy, I shall feel obliged.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

SNAKES AND PEAFOWLS.—The peafowl is the natural enemy not only of the adder, but of every kind of snake. A friend assures us, that some years ago he witnessed the following curious scene in Gloucestershire, England. His attention was attracted one morning by the loud call of a peacock, which was followed by the immediate flight of its congeners to the spot whence it proceeded. Upon arriving there himself, the birds were encircling an adder, and each striking it on the head in turns. The reptile was coiled up, and apparently had just died. The blows had all been given close to the little orifice in the neck (the ear,) which was very much lacerated.—*Notes and Queries.*

AGRICULTURAL SUICIDES—Was it an ordinary event in the days of Elizabeth for farmers who had hoarded corn, to hang themselves because the season in which they had expected to realize their profits, was one of plentiful crops? One would think so from the copious allusions to the practice in works of fiction of the time:—

"Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty."—*Macbeth*, Act II. Sc. 3.

"And hang'd himself when corn grows cheap again."—Hall's *Satires*, Book iv. Satire 6.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 1, 23, 13, 9, is a personal pronoun.
My 2, 20, 6, 22, 17, is the seat of life.
My 3, 6, 22, is the organ of hearing.
My 4, 20, 11, 3, 21, 5, 6, 21, 23, is a means of communication.
My 5, 23, 13, 13, 3, is a river in Europe.
My 6, 1, 19, 9, 13, 17, 13, 16, is one of the five great oceans.
My 7, 15, 19, 3, is a river in Egypt.
My 8, 6, 7, 17, 12, 23, 7, 13, 6, is an exiled Mexican ruler.
My 9, 21, 6, 15, 13, 6, 14, is a preposition.
My 10, 15, 21, 5, 15, 6, is a river in Asia.
My 11, 3, 10, 4, 18, 5, is a symbol representing a distinct sound.
My 12, 15, 5, is an invisible elastic fluid.
My 13, 9, 7, 13, 15, 3, is a female name.
My 14, 6, 19, 19, 3, 5, is an adjective in the comparative degree.
My 15, 1, 6, 10, 15, 12, 13, 6, are noted for their skill in painting and sculpture.
My 16, 3, 6, 6, 12, 22, was a Roman General.
My 17, 20, 12, 19, was an expert archer.
My 18, 6, 21, 19, 3, is called the king of birds.
My 19, 3, 18, was an American General.
My 20, 19, 3, 24, 25, 6, 13, 17, is the largest of animals.
My 21, 5, 19, 15, 12, is raised by the farmer.
My 22, 6, 15, 6, 15, 7, is a noted river in North America.
My 23, 7, 13, 18, was a British Queen.
My 24, 20, 1, 23, 12, is part of a flower.
My 25, 9, 5, 24, is a musical instrument.

My whole, when completed, will be of great importance to the old and the new world.

H. R. FOX.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 7, 4, 2, was the wife of Jupiter.
My 6, 12, 8, 9, 2, was one of the harpies.
My 6, 5, 10, 3, 8, 10, was the god of music.
My 6, 4, 11, 6, is a lady's name.
My 5, 12, 2, 8, 7, 13, was a god of the winds.
My 5, 6, 11, was the god of shepherds.
My 6, 8, 2, 13, is a kind of Chinese wood.
My 13, 3, 12, 12, 5, is an animal.
My 6, 5, 5, 6, 12, is a kind of fruit.

And my whole was a highly distinguished naval commander. C. A. G.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.
My 25, 28, 20, 5, 33, is a dignitary in cathedrals.
My 18, 31, 25, 26, 15, is a small ship with one deck.
My 15, 16, 11, 12, 29, 19, 15, a hard drinker.
My 29, 30, 7, 8, 9, 10, is a farmer's tool.
My 14, 22, 12, 27, 21, 32, 24, 17, is a knight.
My 28, 19, 21, 24, is an animal.
My 4, 5, 3, 23, is an herb.
My 1, 2, 17, 15, 13, 6, is a bird.

My whole is an event which took place during the war of 1812. BERNARDO.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, a household implement,
A useful thing withal,
Transposed affords amusement
To boys both large and small.

Of my next a prefix you can make,
A deity of my third;
Transposed, my third is pleasant to take,
Especially when you're tired.

Should you be egotistical,
You would surely use my next:
If not, I am sophistical,
And wandering from my text.

My fifth a preposition is,
My fourth and fifth a play;
My whole a jolly fellow is,
When in a drunken way. CINROS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Of five letters I'm composed—
'Tis true, to say the least,
That I am used by great and small,
The king, the slave, the priest.

Erase a letter, then you'll have
An agent fierce and strong;
Of great use to the world it is—
This you can guess ere long.

Erase another, then you'll have
A thing that's done by all;
In city great or country wide,
In cot or palace hall.

If I would tell you any more
'Twould easily be guessed;
So now you may, with what you have,
Just try to find the rest.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a command to desist.
My second is the common term of our species.
My whole is a distinguished American.

Charleston, Ill. T. E. WOOD.

ANAGRAMS ON CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When Evan!	Go we so?
Work Ney!	Can Esther M!
W. W. sick? run Ben!	Sob not.
Ana Bly.	T. P. Landor.
Heel wing.	Tyro.
Ned Pic, rove!	Tre, do it.

GAHMEW.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

There are two poles, set up perpendicular on level ground, 51 feet apart, the first of which is 45 feet high, and the other only 40; their tops are connected with string 101 feet in length, tied with the two ends to poles, one end in each pole, and hanging down to ground in the middle; now, when I take this str and carry it towards the first mentioned or longer pole, as near as I can to pin it yet down fast to the gr what will be the difference in the two ends of the from this pinning down place!

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotzersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ What is the difference between a certain city Europe and the heroes of the Revolution? Ans.—Is Warsaw, and the others saw war.

☞ Why is the letter R of great importance to mank kind generally? Ans.—Because without it all friends would be fiends.

☞ What English poet would have made a Catholic? Ans.—A. Pope.

☞ What word is there in the English language five letters, that if you take two away, ten will remain Ans.—Often. GAHMEW

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA.—Morse's Magnetic Telegraph. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Self Praise is no Recommendation. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—General Israel Putnam. CHARADE Caprice (cap-rice.) CHARADE.—Cabin (cab-in ANAGRAMS.—Annotta, Dembec, Tagus, Sandusk Anaro, Flamborough Head. ARITHMETI QUESTION.—$100 yearly.

☞ Franklin, that prodigy of various, thou not of the highest, intellectual and moral downments, has been tersely described by a cent writer, in a single line, as

"A man of genius ruled by common sense."